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IT is interesting that the American communication to Great Britain and France on the stoppage of mails rouses no emotion and evokes no satirical reference to "notes." There is no outcry that this wordy correspondence is beneath the dignity of a great nation. There is practically no sentiment in favor of any effort to back these words of ours with deeds. Why is this? Primarily because we are suffering inconvenience and commercial loss which can be repaired, whereas in the German controversy people were being killed and could not be restored to life. But that is not the only reason for our tame protests. America is predominantly sympathetic to France and England, and legal "rights" seem less important than the greater issues at stake. Behind this sympathy lie many other things—all that is symbolized by Belgium, all that is bound up in the Anglo-French loan and our commercial connection with the Allies, and deeper still a half-conscious sense that the American future in the world is interwoven with that of the liberal Powers of western Europe. That is why, though we talk grandiloquently of upholding our "rights" at any cost wherever attacked, we do not intend to do anything of the kind. We are not supporting "law." We are acting on a policy. We are proclaiming a technical neutrality, but we are following an American policy.

THIS is quite as it should be, and the only thing to be said against it is that it is hypocritical and blind. The policy would be of infinitely greater value if it were openly avowed and deliberately followed. America is not impartial in fact and it should cease to be impartial in theory. By announcing candidly why its neutrality is benevolent to the Allies, we should not only make friends in the world, but we should be using our power to end the war and guarantee the peace which follows it. We should be putting our resources behind that program which aims to make Europe secure. We should not be one bit more anti-German than we are at present. The Germans have already appraised our "neutrality" at its true value. But instead of remaining furtively unneutral, we should be openly partisan. Partisan, not for the imperial ambitions of the Allies, but partisan for their program of a safer Europe, a program which in the desperation of war they tend often to forget. England and France can make a just and liberal peace much more easily if American sympathy takes practical effect.

IN his speech at Kansas City on Memorial Day Mr. Roosevelt stated that the United States ought to have the "second navy in the world," which means a navy inferior only to Great Britain. This implies one thing—that he puts out of mind the possibility of war between the United States and the British Empire. It means that the time has passed when the Anglo-American world can even contemplate the settlement of any dispute by military force. There is to be a great area of civilization in which politics, not arms, is to be the means of settling differences. No sane man could wish it

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otherwise. We shall have much to dispute with the British as the Middle West has with the Atlantic seaboard, but we have surrendered the idea that the dispute need ever be settled by armaments. That is the significance of Mr. Roosevelt's statement, and the theory has been accepted by all who have not gone jingo mad.

BY the time this paragraph appears the Hitchcock incident may have lost its mystery. At the moment of writing it provokes conjecture. Our guess is that Mr. Hitchcock is far too shrewd, and far too familiar with his own reputation, to have supposed for a moment that he could do the Hughes boom any good by giving Frank Hitchcock as authority both for the statement that Mr. Justice Hughes would run if nominated, and for the implication that he would like the nomination. If Mr. Hitchcock's reputation were of the kind that it is, only not quite so much so, his performance might be regarded as a rather neat attempt to lessen Mr. Hughes's chances. But inasmuch as Mr. Hitchcock is widely and unfavorably known as Mr. Hitchcock, his declaration will probably do the Hughes cause little harm.

IF you dislike a man very much, it is a good rule to use special caution in talking about him. Take the case of the New York *Tribune* and President Wilson. It wouldn't be accurate to say that the *Tribune* dislikes Mr. Wilson. The *Tribune* hates him, hates him with full artistic hatred. What has hatred done for the editor of the *Tribune?* It has made him incapable of reading print if Mr. Wilson is the author. Thus on Saturday evening Mr. Wilson made a speech expressly disclaiming any intention of interfering with the bargain by which peace is established. To the *Tribune* this becomes a reason for denouncing Mr. Wilson as one who "optimistically pictures himself as the dictator of the terms on which peace is to return." Mr. Simonds is a much quoted man in the European press. If he doesn't take care it may become impossible for us to continue admiring him as the best writer of military melodrama in the United States.

PORTO RICANS, under the new organic law for the island just passed by the House of Representatives, will become "American citizens." It appears, however, that American citizenship in Porto Rico is to be worth considerably less than citizenship anywhere else in the country. What self-government the island is to have is vested mainly in a bi-cameral legislature. The Senate is to be composed of men who own not less than one thousand dollars' worth of property, although they may have been residents of the island for only two years. The general franchise is to be restricted, not by previous residence, but by property and educational qualifications. These will actually disfranchise about 60 per cent of those who voted in the last election, as practically universal male suffrage has existed for fourteen years. The island is taken out of the jurisdiction of the interstate commerce laws and the safety-appliance laws; a local Public Service Commission is established with power over these matters. An amendment to guard the right of labor to organize was defeated. About the only liberal provision in the bill is the woman-suffrage amendment, cynically introduced by Mr. Mann, with the evident purpose of preventing further extensions of the franchise. In Porto Rico, a Latin country, there is almost no demand for woman suffrage, and no readiness to use it.

WHAT the Porto Rican bill implies can be understood when we remember that Porto Rico has no mineral wealth and few industries, that it is composed principally of large sugar and tobacco plantations in the hands of a small class. Out of the 1,200,000 inhabitants 600,000 are agricultural laborers and 25,000 are industrial workers. There are comparatively few small proprietors, and they are becoming fewer every day. The laborers will have no voice in the making of the laws; they are to all intents and purposes attached to the land; and they are protected only by a general bill of rights and the courts, which will operate in the costly American fashion. The United States by the new law therefore establishes a capitalistic feudalism, which may easily be usurped by settlers from this country. Since the laborers, both men and women, work twelve hours out of every twenty-four for wages averaging 30 to 55 cents a day, it is not likely that they will soon overcome the property qualification for the vote. It will take a generation at least for them to meet the educational requirement. In the meantime, what hope is there for improvement through union organization, with all the political and police power in the hands of their employers? The only safeguard against unfair legislation is the fact that the President of the United States retains absolute veto power, but this is hardly a substitute for democratic control. It is particularly sinister that this new bill comes on the heels of the great agricultural strike of last year, in which, it is charged, the police sided with capital. Porto Rico, on account of its geographical location, belongs in the political system of the United States, and probably also should be within our tariff boundaries. But why speak farcically of freeing it "from the yoke of Spain" and creating its inhabitants "American citizens" if what we are really doing is plucking a fat plum for a few of our investors?

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THE Shakespeare Masque given in the Stadium in New York City is due to many years of propaganda and demonstration. When Mr. Percy MacKaye began talking ten years or more ago about masques and community pageants and the theatre as a synthesis of the arts, few people knew what Mr. MacKaye was talking about. He clung to his vision at the expense of time and health and at the risk of boring his friends to extinction. He staged masques in different parts of the country and finally the infection began to take. There can be no slightest doubt that he has dragged into existence a popular art which amuses and inspires numbers of people. For over a week "Caliban" has packed the Stadium with New Yorkers, all of whom came from Missouri, and hundreds of volunteers have danced and marched and acted for the fun of it and the notoriety of it and the excitement of it. No one can honestly say that "Caliban" has been more than a successful experiment. The men and women who have sweated blood over it, and occasionally stepped on each other's toes, know this better than any one else. It was quite evident for example that the problem of the spoken word in so vast a setting has not been solved. Listening was a distinct strain, and the love scene from "Romeo and Juliet" shouted a quarter of a mile away was absurd when it wasn't dull. One felt too that Mr. MacKaye had allowed his conception to become over-elaborate with an excess of not altogether intelligible symbolism. The pageantry, the lighting, the movement of crowds, the dancing, and the inexhaustible fertility of Mr. Robert Jones's costuming are what remain most vividly in the mind. What was successful was so very successful, and what failed seemed so easy to remedy in the future, that there is now no longer any question that Mr. MacKaye's conception of a community art is established in America.

MAXIMILIAN HARDEN contributed to *Die Zukunft* about six weeks ago an article which the New York *Times* reprinted last Sunday in an English translation. Everybody who can get hold of the *Times* ought to read this article, which is so sympathetic in its understanding of English and French points of view, and so critical of German militarism, that the German government's consent to its publication indicates a surprising willingness to make experiments. Although nothing but militarism, says Harden, can guarantee perpetual readiness for war, as Germany's achievecent proves, yet "as a spiritual achievement many will place higher the voluntary enlistment of the three million island and colonial Englishmen, the heroic endurance and self-sacrifice of the Serbians and French, fighting in the very face of the enemy. Twenty million fighting heroes are fighting between Antwerp and Trebizond, and the majority grew up in unmilitary countries." An international spirit, whatever cynics may say, informs Harden's suggestion that after the war the coupons of the loans to each belligerent nation be treated as an international currency by all of them, receivable for all debts. Not since the war began has any other document of German origin expressed so much feeling that neutrals and the other belligerents can understand and share.

LLOYD GEORGE has gone to Ireland on a mission of mediation. The Ulster difficulty is no doubt foremost in his mind. He seeks to discover the qualifications to the scheme of Irish self-government on which both nationalists and Orangemen will agree. One great difficulty of this delicate situation is that the Home Rule bill was itself very definitely modified with the Ulster problem in view. It not only contains every kind of guaranty that the peculiarities of the Ulster situation appeared to demand as to religious and economic differences, but it conceded a great deal to Unionist notions. Because of these facts it is hard to believe that the nationalists will feel inclined to let Ulster stay out and remain content with the measure as it stands. It is a measure so much weaker than they desire, by comparison with the status of Canada or Australia, that no scheme for temporary exclusion with Ulster can be considered without re-opening the whole consideration of Home Rule. A mediator can do much to persuade Ulster Irishmen and nationalist Irishmen to coöperate. But the coöperation would seem almost necessarily to require a general assent to the mild Home Rule proposed.

EVERYBODY believes that the United States ought to have a battleship. When little Marjorie first wrote to the New York *Tribune,* sending a dime towards a battleship, everybody liked her for it; and everybody read with interest and respect Mr. Roosevelt's letter to Miss Marjorie. Yet somehow, in spite of all the *Tribune's* enthusiasm, everybody's interest in that battleship is waning. In the succeeding months, by heroic effort, $22,256.19 has been raised. Arithmetic shows that in order to provide the seven million dollars necessary for a modern dreadnought, dimes will have to flow from seventy million patriots. The contributors must include not only all children in the continental United States, but most of the adults too. Meanwhile little Marjorie is growing up. Arithmetic again shows that at the present rate of progress little Marjorie, by the time the seven million dollars are collected, will be about one hundred and seven years old. Methodical patience is a

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virtue much needed in America. It would be a fine discipline for a nation during the greater part of a century to bend its effort toward collecting dimes for Marjorie's *Tribune* battleship. It would be inspiring, in the year 2013, long after our great wars have been fought and battleships have become archaic, to see a white-haired little Marjorie breaking a bottle over a battleship's prow. Yet our deplorable American impatience makes us wish somehow that Congress, spurred by the *Tribune's* able editorial pleading, may spare us this discipline. Why should not battleships be financed by nations?

A FILTHY crime was recently committed by a mob of American citizens at Waco, Texas. These citizens happened to be southerners. Because they were southerners and because their act was widely condemned in the North the *amour propre* of many persons in the South seems to be affected. It is not that they sanction such inhumanity. They privately recognize the lesion in their legal and social system that made such an offense possible. They genuinely deplore it. But, as in the Frank case in Georgia, many of them take criticism as an insult to the South and try to interpose their pride between lynching and general indignation. This is the worst kind of sectionalism. The North cannot possibly be pharisaical about lynching. It has too much blood on its own hands. But lynching everywhere, North and South, is a common shame. There can be no proprietary right in that shame or in the desire to remove it. To minimize the horrors of lynching and to exaggerate the horrors of criticism is infantile. It ought to be possible for the South to have lawlessness in its territory made the subject of national discussion and repudiation. It is a test of the equality of communities that criticism be possible between them.

MUCH has been said in the newspapers about the late James J. Hill's imagination, but not a word too much. It was an imagination of extraordinary boldness. He believed with an intense faith that a few hundred miles of debt-accumulating railroad could be formed into dividend-paying thousands of miles. This faith took possession of him just when other men's faith was dead. His imagination was also extraordinarily detailed. Along the road he was determined to build to the coast he saw farms and villages, cattle and crops, freight coming and going. Mr. Hill dreamed an enormous and detailed dream, and then made it come true. It was partly the long mileage of his vision that made it so impressive to his fellow-countrymen, that turned him into a national figure, to whose abundant talk business men listened, confident that Mr. Hill's judgments were less influenced by his wishes than most railroad presidents' by theirs, and that he was not in the habit of saying things for immediate effect on the stock market.

WHETHER the proposed trade war to follow the European conflict ever takes official form or not, we may safely predict that the industrial policy of the states composing the Entente will take a more nationalistic turn than formerly. England, France and Russia will hardly attempt to gain complete independence even in the higher ranges of industry. But they will scrutinize their list of imports and inquire pointedly of their captains of industry why this or that should be made in Germany. Why did Germany come so near gaining a monopoly in the production of chemicals, surgical appliances, and so on? It is a good thing to have statesmen in other countries raising such questions. They will gain a new insight into the practical workings of their educational systems. Applied science ought to be cultivated as assiduously in other countries as in Germany. And if nationalistic jealousies help to produce such a result, who shall say figs are never plucked from thistles?

Mr. Wilson's Great Utterance

PRESIDENT WILSON'S declaration on May 22nd at the dinner of the League to Enforce Peace may well mark a decisive point in the history of the modern world. No utterance since the war began compares with it in overwhelming significance to the future of mankind. For us in America it literally marks the opening of a new period of history and the ending of our deepest tradition. For this speech and the policy it foreshadows, it will be said of Mr. Wilson that he lived in a time of supreme opportunity, that he had the vision to grasp it and the courage to declare it, that on the central issue of modern life he chose the noble part.

These are big claims, but they are easily upheld. The United States is the richest and potentially, so far as the near future is concerned, the most powerful nation on earth. We have become converted to a program of armament and industrial preparedness which will make our power count. The question they are asking in Japan, in Latin-America, and in Europe is: What does America intend to do with this power? In a world prostrated by war, in a world bled white with death and destruction, what is the meaning of this arming and preparing on the other side of the Atlantic? Let us not fool ourselves as to their answer. The fact that we think we are arming for defense will not convince Europe or Asia. They are worldly wise and know that all nations, no matter how aggressive, always call pre-

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paredness national defense. And virtuous as we may believe ourselves to be, let us not forget that no one else takes us at our own valuation. The rise of a great military and naval Power in the New World is certain to frighten all mankind, unless the intention of that Power is clearly defined and openly guaranteed.

The most damnable thing we could do with our strength would be to use it for purely national purposes. As surely as the earth turns on its axis, a new balance of power would be set up to offset us, and a new race of armaments incited. To be heavily armed, to " go it alone," to seek security in isolation, would in every human probability bring into existence alliances against us. The final tragic absurdity of preparedness for national defense alone is that, after all the cost and trouble, a nation is not one bit better defended. What would it profit us to build a " supreme navy " as some madmen urge, if the result were to align the navies of Japan and England against us?

Mr. Wilson's speech means that he has done some real thinking on the problem of national defense. His conclusion is that of a growing body of people in all the important countries of the world. It is that security cannot be had by any one nation alone, no matter how well armed it is. Security cannot be had by force divided among " sovereign " nations. It can be had only by force which is unified under the control of nations that coöperate. Armament cannot defend one section of mankind. To be of any use it must defend an organization of mankind. Because the readiness to kill and be killed is certain to be the decisive factor in human government for a long time to come, the path of progress is not the abolition of force but the improvement of the purposes for which force is used. The proposal made by the League to Enforce Peace, and supported by the President, is that in the future force shall be used to defend the community of nations.

Mr. Wilson deserves the gratitude of all decent men for having announced that America is ready to use its force for this civilized end. The whole preparedness agitation, which has been running wild of late by piling jingoism on hysteria, is given a new turn. It becomes our contribution to the world's peace, the only kind of peace in which we can find our own safety. Mr. Wilson has broken with the tradition of American isolation in the only way which offers any hope to men. Not only has he broken with isolation, he has ended the pernicious doctrine of neutrality, and has declared that in the future we cannot be neutral between the aggressor and the victim. That is one of the greatest advances ever made in the development of international morality. His speech means that America is ready to act on the belief that war is no longer a matter between two " sovereign " states, but a common world-problem of law and order in which every nation is immediately concerned. There is something intensely inspiring to Americans in the thought that when they surrender their isolation they do it not to engage in diplomatic intrigue but to internationalize world politics. They will surrender it for that, though they would have resisted bitterly a mere entanglement in the manoeuvers which prepare new wars.

Mr. Wilson has chosen a good moment to make his historic statement—and it may justly be regarded as the first practical step towards peace. When America is talked of as peacemaker, Europeans have naturally asked what we have to contribute for that work. While we clung to isolation we had nothing to offer, but now we have committed ourselves to upholding the peace of Europe. We have said to the nations: " You may count on us to employ our power to curb any nation which attempts to destroy the peace you organize." Mr. Wilson has introduced a new factor, and a decisive one, into the calculations of European governments. Think what it means. To England it means our aid as against an aggressor and an end to the fear that the British commonwealth can be challenged and destroyed. To France it means that in a war of defense she would be guaranteed by the joint power of Britain and America. To Belgium it means that she becomes the ward not only of these competing nations, but also of a Power which cannot be accused of any selfish designs upon her. The future violator of Belgium would face at once the united arms of western civilization. To Germany it means security in return for the abandonment of aggression. It offers her the choice between arming again to meet all Europe and finding real safety in a league of the Western World. Let that alternative once be offered to the German people, and if radical and social democratic Germany does not make the decent choice, it is because Germany is incapable of learning anything. For our part we have no question that a people as educated as the Germans will make the right choice once the opportunity is offered with convincing sincerity. You can fool and frighten a people into aggression once, but when the price is as terrible as the price has been, you cannot do it again if there is a plain alternative in sight.

Our offer to join in a guaranty of the world's peace opens up the possibility of a quick and moderate peace. It gives to the liberals of Europe a practical thing to work with. They are now in a position to confront the extremists and say to them: " You tell us we must fight till the enemy is crushed, or there is no safety for our children. But to crush the enemy is to come near to crushing ourselves. You

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offer us the phantom peace of total exhaustion, followed by insurrection and riot and degeneracy. But here is a chance to organize security before we are shattered, and to guarantee that security with the untouched vigor of the richest people on earth. That is a better defense than anything you promise us. It is time to stop talking highflown martial nonsense, and begin to adjust concrete problems."

Let no one suppose that Mr. Wilson made his offer without realizing its significance. It is a fact that there are definite assurances from the Foreign offices, both of France and England, that such a league is desired. There is excellent reason for believing that Berlin is favorable to the idea. It may be said at last without any exaggeration that the first move towards peace has been made.

Consider the Vice-Presidency

THE Constitution of 1787 provided that the electors should vote for two persons and that the one having the greatest number of votes should be the President and, after this choice, the one having the greatest number of votes should be the Vice-President. Under this provision George Washington and John Adams were declared elected to the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency respectively in 1789 and again in 1793. In 1797 Adams was made the President and Thomas Jefferson, having the second highest number of electoral votes, became the Vice-President. The wisdom of the provision was now questioned, for Adams and Jefferson were leaders of opposing parties. Before a change was made the outcome in the election of 1800 gave increased reason for an amendment. In that contest the two well organized parties had each put forward two candidates, without designating as to office, but with a general understanding, in the case of the Republicans, that Jefferson was candidate for the Presidency and Aaron Burr for the Vice-Presidency. The result revealed that each had seventy-three votes. They had defeated the Federalist candidates, but neither was yet the President elect. Under constitutional arrangement the decision went to the House of Representatives and after repeated ballotings that body, voting by states, designated Jefferson for the Presidency.

Out of this experience rose a renewed demand for an amendment to the Constitution. The attempt was made in 1802 to incorporate a provision for the designation of one candidate for the Presidency and a second for the Vice-Presidency. In opposing it, Griswold of Connecticut declared: "The office of Vice-President will be carried to market to purchase the votes of particular states." In the following year the Twelfth amendment, which included designation, was passed by Congress and was ratified in time to be in effect in the election of 1804.

The change was at once apparent. George Clinton, Elbridge Gerry, and Daniel Tompkins filled the period 1805-1825. Then John C. Calhoun served eight years, followed by Martin Van Buren. In the nomination of Van Buren in 1832 there was the expression of a desire to have as a running mate of Jackson a man of first political importance and one who was in sympathy with his chief and who had shared with Jackson the trials and benefits of the first administration. It was widely believed that Jackson might not live out a second term and Van Buren was looked upon as a designated successor, as indeed he became in his own election to the Presidency four years later. But in the succeeding nominations of such men as R. M. Johnson, John Tyler, G. M. Dallas, Millard Filmore, and W. R. King, such a precedent was not followed, for none of the nominees, including the two that succeeded to the Presidency upon the deaths of Harrison and Taylor, were men of accepted Presidential caliber.

In the nomination of Andrew Johnson as Lincoln's companion on the Union ticket of 1864, there was vividly revealed the practice that had by that time become common to all political parties. Griswold's prophecy had been fully realized. When Johnson succeeded to the Presidency within six weeks of the second inauguration of Lincoln, the country entered upon the administration of a man it never would have dreamed of electing to that office. The succession of Tyler in 1841 had been a party catastrophe; the elevation of Johnson in 1865 was a national calamity. Never was the hideousness of our practice so revealed as in the dark days that followed, made increasingly bitter by the cry of faction and the methods and abilities of the man "living out" his term in the White House.

The lesson was lost upon the electorate. Since the close of the Civil War nine Republicans and three Democrats have occupied the Vice-Presidency. Of the twelve two have succeeded to the Presidency and one of these was retained in office in the succeeding election. With this single exception, there would be general acceptance of the statement that none was or would be considered a presidential candidate of commanding size. The same may be said of the defeated candidates in this period. Certainly such names as J. W. Kern, H. G. Davis, Arthur Sewall, Whitelaw Reid, and John A. Logan do not suggest great opportunities lost.

It is not strange that with such a record the office has come to be generally regarded as a "fifth wheel." In the term of the first Vice-President there was some truth in the reference to his "superfluous Excellency," and when Roosevelt was nominated at Philadelphia in 1900, there was general

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agreement not only that an attempt had been made to put him out of active politics, but also that four years in the office must result in his political unavailability.

The death of McKinley gave Roosevelt the always unexpected opportunity. At the time of his succession the power of decision of a President—even in the case of Roosevelt—was not so great as it had been in the days leading up to the Spanish War or so determining as it has been ever since the European war raised into first prominence the character, ability and purposes of the man in charge of the foreign affairs of the government.

Woodrow Wilson was not supported or opposed in 1912 because of his expected course in foreign affairs. Nor was the vice-presidential candidate, Thomas Marshall. Whether the two agreed upon the importance of tariff revision or the advisability of adopting the system of direct legislation was quite properly considered of comparative unimportance. They were Democrats and the decision did not rest with them. Leadership was possibly theirs, but not decision. But whether in 1916 the two men agree as to our policy in Mexico or our maintenance of international law is of first importance, for the determination rests with Wilson, and with Marshall in case of Wilson's disability.

In the present campaign Wilson is to stand upon his record in the conduct of foreign affairs. His character and his ability are to be given unusually close examination. It cannot be expected that the Democrats in convention will nominate for the Vice-Presidency a man whose character has so impressed the nation as has Wilson's or whose abilities are so thoroughly tested. But is it too much to expect that the nominee be of presidential size, that he be in substantial accord with Wilson upon matters of foreign policy, and that this be publicly known and in detail? Does not too much depend upon the conduct of the foreign affairs in the years immediately before us to have any possible accident place in the White House a second- or tenth-rate President whose worst mistake might not be reversal of policy, but an absence of personal control?

All the Vice-Presidents who have succeeded to the Presidency have been the nominees of the Republican party or of its predecessor, the Whig party. An examination of the recent record of the Republican party points the need of agitation of this matter. The nominations of 1908 and 1896 are not forgotten. In the Republican campaign of the past few months, there have been millions of words and a score of suggestions as to the presidential nomination, but as to the Vice-Presidency, the politicians in private have given it the only serious attention thus far manifested.

Are we not playing with fire? Even if the practice of the past one hundred years may be defended as a means of party success, surely no one can wish to urge such a reason in this crisis. Nothing should prevent the nomination of four men of Presidential size. Let no "favorite son" slip in. Let no section demand placation. Let us refuse to play our luck. We cannot return to a practice by which the leader of the opposing party is made Vice-President. Our party system precludes that. But we can demand that there be put forward a second best man in each party, as the Federalists supported Adams for Vice-President in 1793 and the Democrats nominated Van Buren in 1832.

"Americanism"

THE sight of a baby sucking and biting father's watch, and cooing as contentedly as if it were having a meal, is a reminder that mankind is after all rather easily satisfied. To chew what has no nourishment, to bite though you have no teeth, to bustle though you have no goal, to shout though you have little meaning, seem to be ways of living temporarily at least a strenuous and red-blooded existence. For how else is any one to explain the fact that statesmen will suckle their followers on an arid phrase while they take as much pleasure out of it as the baby from father's watch? It is not what we do, but the fact that we do, which appears to make us happy. The best of us are not above sitting for a long time with acute maternal emotions on a glass egg.

The latest glass egg of American politics is the word "Americanism." For many months now we have heard that "the issue is Americanism," and noble as it sounds, often as it has been repeated, it is still an open question whether the phrase has any meaning whatsoever. The only way to test a word is to inquire what those who use it most intend to do, and then contrast their intention with that of the pariahs who are not allowed to call themselves American. Beginning at the bottom there are the gentlemen who tried to put bombs on munition ships. Almost all of us are against them. So they may be eliminated. Their policy is not Americanism. For the purposes of a political campaign it is not possible to divide this country into the bomb and anti-bomb party. That issue is between the police and the criminals, not between Mr. Wilson and whoever is chosen at Chicago. In fact it may be asserted with considerable confidence that the Democratic convention will not declare for bombs either openly or secretly.

Next in the scale may be put the propagandists of foreign governments, and all those who have

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been visiting the lobbies of Congress to threaten and cajole officials into a policy inspired by the interests, real or imaginary, of another Power. It is certain that Wilson Democrats and Root or Roosevelt Republicans can not come to any issue here. Politicians of weak virtue are at least equally divided. It is perfectly simple to match Colquitt and O'Gorman with Burton and Nicholas Longworth, or Richard Bartholdt with Jacob Gallinger. On this issue Mr. Wilson stands nearer to Mr. Roosevelt than does Mr. Cummins. The men who are truckling to the so-called hyphenated vote are not the Democrats, and the heroes are not the Republicans. It is necessary only to look at the not very favorite sons to escape that delusion.

Planting bombs, alien propaganda, and fear of the unassimilated vote are issues of our national life, but they are not issues between the two great parties, and no amount of rhetoric can make them issues. Courageous opposition to them may be "Americanism," but if it is, no one can honestly say that there is any difference of opinion on this matter between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson.

The next group to be thrust outside the circle of Americanism is the pacifist vote. But here it is necessary to suspend judgment for a moment. Mr. Ford, who is a Republican, Mr. Bryan, who is a Democrat, may be preposterously wrong in their theories about armament and foreign policy. But that they are American, of our soil and character, only a madman would deny. The Ford peace ship, for example, can be described as noble nonsense, but it was not un-American. If ever a gesture revealed a deep and historic strain in the soul of a people, that cargo of goodwill and trust and thoughtlessness revealed it. No other people could conceivably have set it afloat. It was un-German, un-British, un-Continental, un-European, unworldly if you like, but it was made out of the confidence of a nation which has conquered the prairies and remained isolated from mankind. It was a supreme illustration of the defects of our qualities.

If it is impossible to raise the issue of Americanism here, it is surely impossible to say that Americanism is the difference between the preparedness à la Hay and preparedness à la Roosevelt. Mr. Hay is no doubt a cheap politician, not above prostituting an army bill to a militia lobby or to the desire of giving his friend Judge Carson of Virginia a good job. But cheap politics is not an issue between the Republicans and the Democrats, and many of those who are loudest for "Americanism" are cheap politicians. If any examples are needed there are those who voted against George Rublee—rejected by such patriots as Senators Gallinger, Lodge, Weeks, Wadsworth, et al., rejected without a word of protest from Roosevelt, Root, Burton, McCall or any of the other protagonists of Americanism. If Hay, the Democrat, is ready to debauch the army to politics, Lodge, the Republican, is no less ready to debauch the Federal Trade Commission.

As an issue "Americanism" will not stand much analysis. Stripped of its confusion, its rhetorical question-begging, and its rather casuistical attempt to appropriate an emotion for party purposes, what remains is the thing which Mr. Roosevelt described as the "heroic mood." It is a vague sense that in a world crisis America should be playing a more decisive and affirmative rôle. What the rôle should be has never been defined in terms of statesmanship. But there is a feeling that sharper action would have increased American prestige and given us a more powerful strategic position in the society of nations.

It is a civilized and useful feeling, one which directed by a trained intelligence would do much for the world. But it is not "Americanism." It is what Americanism might come to be. It is no more Americanism than is equality of opportunity, or the abolition of industrial tyranny, or the sane use of our natural resources, or the honest administration of public office. It is the aspiration of a minority. It is the idealism of a small group. Americanism as an historic thing is the America of fact, the America which exists in New York and Pittsburgh and Lincoln, Nebraska, where idealism is at once a redeeming hope and a brutal mockery. The Americanism of the idealists is no more the reality than is the Statue of Liberty, which by this time has learned to blush as the immigrants come by.

It is idle then for Mr. Roosevelt to speak of Americanism as of something from which we have fallen. If the word means anything it means something to which we might rise after a long struggle with the historic Americanism of isolation and scramble and planlessness and oratorical confusion.

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The Issues of 1916

IT is about a week before the conventions, and the nation is not clamoring for anybody. Woodrow Wilson is to be renominated in St. Louis; in Chicago the appeal is entirely to the politicians. It is possible of course that some form of revivalism will sweep the convention. But the indications are that the political manœuvering of the last four or five months will continue to the end. It is a year of secret letter writing between so-and-so, of private dinners and private luncheons, and a great variety of gentlemen making special trips from this man's house to that man's. Even those of us who expect to attend the Republican convention cannot hope to see the machinery at work. We shall not be present at the conference of a dozen political managers who are planning to sit in a hotel bedroom wearing their straw hats on the back of their heads. We shall not hear the long-distance telephone messages from New York, or be able to say with any certainty why Mr. Boies Penrose and Mr. Murray Crane have come to the conclusions they come to.

But of one thing we can be absolutely certain. This is a year of catchwords. This is a campaign in which the slogans are to be as vague as possible in order that they may be as broad as possible. Both parties and all candidates are making an appeal which has two qualities: it invites emotion without formulating it. The ideal is a thrilling, nerve-wracking platitude: Peace and Prosperity; Preparedness without Militarism; American Rights, American Honor; Deeds not Words; Americanism. There is a fervent desire on every one's part to proclaim his adhesion to ideas which almost nobody can dispute.

Let us suppose the Republicans come out for Americanism. Does any one suppose the Democrats will come out against it? Not much. When it comes to the task of informing the people that the flag is red, white and blue, that the national anthem is the "Star Spangled Banner," that honor is preferable to dishonor, that justice is greater than injustice, I for one am convinced that Mr. Wilson's rhetoric is as good as that of any Republican who could be nominated. It is a year when everyone is planning to assault the American mind with batteries of high-sounding mottoes. It is a year when the harlot words which serve any cause are to walk the streets. They will serve those who suffer with Belgium, and those who are aware how formless is our democracy, and those who fear an invasion, and those who want a protective tariff, and those who think a dead Republican is better than a living Democrat.

In one sense this retreat into grandiose abstraction is the normal result of anxiety and danger. Perhaps the most terrible of all the curses of war is the way it destroys the delicate fabric of thought and sends men scampering to their dumb attachments. In time of war whole populations will live and die for phrases which no man can define. Ideas, discrimination, and invention require a climate of assurance and liberal ease, and the bewildering complexity of danger is their mortal enemy. It is almost as true of us as of the nations in Europe to-day that the mind of the people is squeezed and frightened into an angry, inflexible, inarticulate distraction.

But the war has brought to us something more. Through the uneasiness of America there runs a sense of our own relative incompetence. We have not been able to find a foreign policy which meets the facts of the world and squares with the historic prejudices of our isolation. We have not been able to summon enough forethought and coöperation from our political institutions, enough technical ability from our population, enough intelligent unity from our minds, to meet the new standards of national cohesion and purpose which Europe has set for the world. This I take it is the best meaning which hides behind the phrases Americanism and Preparedness.

This surely is the issue of the campaign. But it is not an issue between the Democrats and the Republicans. It is an issue between the facts of our time, the needs of our people, and all those who offer to rule and lead us. No one can assert now that one party stands for a successful solution, and that the other doesn't. There is a group in the Republican party represented by men like Mr. Henry Stimson, there is even a tradition in the party, which favors a closer national organization. But the real fight is within both parties and beyond them, and it is a fight between those who have caught the vision and those who haven't. There are Democrats who understand this as deeply as the best Republicans; there are one or two members of Mr. Wilson's cabinet who have grasped it at least as well as any one else in public life. If Mr. Roosevelt stands for it, as his Chicago speech showed, it is quite certain that Mr. Penrose does not, and that the Republicans in Congress with few exceptions don't know what it's all about.

The supreme question, it seems to me, is this:

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in which party will the minority which has some sense of the problem come to the top? And having come to the top, how long can it stay there if it tries to follow its vision with sincerity and thoroughness? For no matter which party wins, the real struggle will be within it. No party as such recognizes or agrees to fulfill the needs of America. If Mr. Roosevelt were nominated and elected he would have to cross party lines at once. No Republican majority conceivable would endure a real program of preparedness. To elect Mr. Roosevelt, then, is to elect him for a struggle with his own party in Congress and its local organizations throughout the country. Battleships and soldiers he may get without disruption, but the nationalization of industry and politics he will not get without destroying the party, and the political system and most of the economic prejudices of the people who would come into power with him. If the Republicans nominate him, it is because they do not understand what preparedness means, or because they do not believe that Mr. Roosevelt will do more than scratch the surface.

Preparedness is an easy word to use, but an infinitely difficult thing to achieve. It costs a price which a democracy like ours has not yet shown the smallest inclination to pay. I do not mean price measured in army and navy bills. I mean price measured in a willingness to create democratic organization at the sacrifice of sectional, private, class and personal interests. When I read the names of the men who dominate the Republican party and think of their almost unbroken record of resistance to the nationalization of industry, their record on the tariff, on patronage, on "pork," on the relation of business to government, of government to the farmer, of power to the labor union, I wonder whether the leopard can change his spots.

What do they mean when they shout for preparedness? Are they willing to unify and socialize the railroads and the means of communication, to regulate rigorously basic industries like steel and coal mining, are they willing to control the food supply and shipping and credit, are they willing to recognize labor as a national institution? Are they willing to go behind all this and create a workable, modern, scientific federalized system of education? Are they ready to end the destruction of national vitality through unemployment, child labor, overwork, and poverty? Are they willing to do all this which is the price of coöperation for a free people? If they are not, what are they talking about so earnestly? Do they mean simply a little preparedness, a better first line of military defense, and all other things left to drift as now?

That is the issue and that is the puzzle. In time of war our conservatives, turned preparedness agitators, might be willing to do these radical things without choking on the pill. But to do them in time of peace is a revolutionary undertaking. England nationalized her railroads over night because war was upon her. But to attempt that when there is no war is to arouse every prejudice and interest which fights against it. England has had to deal with labor unions as they have never been dealt with before. Can any one picture to himself the struggle which this would have meant under normal conditions? I wonder whether the defense societies have any notion of the consequences of their propaganda.

If preparedness is an issue which will raise a powerful opposition, so is an adequate foreign policy. The outstanding fact of this war for America is our relation to the Power which controls the seas. Our quarrel with Germany is a direct result of British naval policy. Our future in the Far East and Pan-America, our future in the carrying trade, in the competition for markets, is bound up with our relations to the British Empire. The peace of this hemisphere depends upon our policy in regard to the world-wide empire which touches us from Canada to the Falkland Islands and the Philippines. The supreme question of foreign policy is our relation to the British Empire; the supreme danger lies in ignoring it or challenging it; and the greatest hope, I believe, for western civilization lies in an agreement with it.

It is all very well to talk glibly about rights and honor. The problem of the statesman is: How are we to adjust the end of our isolation to the facts of British sea power? Till some one has thought that problem through to the end, and dared to face the conclusions, we have no foreign policy. Some decision we shall have to make in the next few years, and it is the most important decision of international policy since we misinterpreted Washington's Farewell Address. That a first step has been taken by Mr. Wilson in his historic speech on a world alliance is clear to any one who realizes the relation between a League to Enforce Peace and the problem of sea power.

But the statesman who has the audacity to grapple with it must be prepared for a long and bitter struggle with public opinion. There are no votes to be won, and there is no party harmony to be maintained by the President who will undertake to meet this issue. It is not only the German-Americans and the Irish-Americans who will fight it. A deep Americanism will resist it. And if I'm not mistaken the very people who would support a radical program of nationalization are the ones who would resist it most. The statesman who takes the slogans of this campaign seriously will have to struggle with vested politics and industry to secure

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preparedness, and with vested Americanism to secure a foreign policy. It means a period of unrest and fermentation to which no man can set an end.

These are the issues, not between the parties, but against them and within them. And those who care for the American future will keep these issues in mind. They will not give their allegiance completely to any party or either candidate. They will use these issues as tests which all the politicians must face, and if there is no satisfactory response from either faction they may have to consider whether the time has not come to challenge the party system itself.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

Two Powder Towns

THE visit of two women to Hopewell was as unusual an experience for Hopewell as it was for the women. It is evident that a mushroom ammunition town is not ready for women visitors on its first birthday—for it was April 13th, 1916, that found us there, and the town was born April 13th, 1915.

We made the trip from Petersburg to Hopewell over a very new trolley line, and the thirty-five men passengers looked at us with undisguised surprise. The country through which we traveled was gray clay dotted with tree stumps. Every few feet the flat monotony was broken by a sign announcing that a certain area of clay and stumps was "Hopewell Terrace" or "Kenwood Heights, the Tuxedo of Virginia," and under every sign, mounted on a wagon, an auctioneer was shrilly urging the small group of men about him to "Get busy now," "Buy your lot in the Wizard City"; then the auctioneer would give his imagination free play as he told of new industries sure to take the place of ammunition when the war was over.

As we stepped from the car to the platform that answers for a station at Hopewell, we were directed to the "principal hotel." We found it over a barber shop, and the barber said that he could give us but one room. "We had a little shooting time here last night," he went on to explain in a matter-of-fact tone, "and the holes are mostly in that second room."

We looked elsewhere, walking up and down Broadway, which, like every other street, was made of yellow dust that constantly rose in blinding clouds. The sidewalks were planks, with more planks over the holes. The houses looked as though they had been erected over night—a brick store flanked by a tent on one side and a tar-paper shanty on the other. Everywhere business seemed to be done on the street. We heard a loud discussion between a Rumanian priest and a Greek merchant, and they fought it out on the steps of the "A No. 1 Café." The priest had paid $600 for an option on a piece of land, and the Greek had in some way secured the land and was endeavoring to convince the priest that he ought to be a good sport about it. Life seemed to be all a gamble at Hopewell. Picking our way along the plank sidewalks, we got glimpses of men in the cafés speculating on land. Money "talked."

We were advised to try the duPont Hotel at City Point, but it was for men only, and we ended our search by securing two cabins in a ferryboat made over into a lodging house, where we dropped our bags with a feeling of genuine gratitude. The ferryboat had its drawbacks. It was run by men for men, and lacked many comforts, but a friendly man whispered that although the town was dry he stood ready to fetch us a drink at any time.

The partitions of our cabins ran but part way to the ceiling; we gave up the idea of sleep and instead learned much of the spirit and the life of the place. The duPont plant works three shifts a day, so the workmen were always coming or going. A vaudeville performer had much to say of his world and the uncertainty of its rewards, and the gamblers proved the prosperity of the town by scorning to play for stakes of less than a dollar. The town was variously referred to as "The Magic City," "The Eighth Wonder," "The Surprise Baby of the World," "The Fourth Largest City of Virginia."

Probably most chance visitors turn with a feeling of relief from Hopewell, which its daily paper calls "a place where everybody works, everybody talks, everybody boosts and no one wants finishing touches," to the orderly duPont villages, where one may study efficient paternalism at its best. The yellow paved streets cross each other with the regularity of the lines on a checker board. Four hundred and seventy-five policemen, paid by the duPonts, keep perfect order in the works and villages. The houses are exactly alike, only that those in one street are made of white rubberoid, and another street of gray rubberoid. They seem to have been all bought by the gross, and even the distance between the houses does not vary by a foot. There are no trees, and the names of the streets lack imagination as truly as the names of the villages. "B Street" is found in Village A, and "A Street" is found in Village B. "Station Street," running at right angles from the railway station, could not have been difficult to name. The effect is restful. Before each house is a tiny porch so exactly like its neighbor that one is disturbed by the fact that the people sitting on the porches do not match. Everybody is so well cared for in these duPont villages

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that there is no chance to do wrong. Medical attendance is free to the workmen and to their families. Inspection and sanitary control have reached the high-water mark. Every tiny stream is drained, every puddle oiled, and malaria eliminated. Typhoid vaccine is administered freely, milk and water are tested again and again. There are two schools, built by the company on company land, and every child is known to the sanitary officer.

The duPonts are " real people," " they pay high and give a bonus besides," " they look after their boys." These are expressions one hears from the women rocking on the little porches and rejoicing over the fact that their men are making more money than they ever made before in their lives.

It is harder to get inside of the great fence that surrounds the plant itself than it is to get into Belgium at the present time. Only the seventeen thousand men employed in the manufacture of gun-cotton go in and out. Each one wears a picture of himself, and this answers for his passport. Inside of that fence is a little world in itself, for not only have the duPonts their own police, but the state has given them the right to have their own court and their own judge, and justice is administered often without the result reaching the outside world. The hospital is not a shed, as at Hopewell, but a real building, where twelve doctors and five nurses treat five hundred patients a day, about two hundred of them new cases. The safety department works night and day to make the danger less from burns and acid fumes. Efficiency is at its highest state of perfection, and if two hundred men, on an average, do leave in a day, as many more are standing at the gate ready to take their places.

The great machine runs without a hitch. People have only to behave themselves and the machine will grind on so as not to disturb the contented smile of the women in the rows of white and gray houses. Yet there was a decided sense of heightened interest in life when we went back from the smug little villages, crossed the tracks and plunged again into the hurrying, pushing crowd of eager-faced young men that surges up and down the hummocks and gullies called streets in Hopewell; everybody confident of the great things that are coming to the town and the fortunes they are to make to-morrow. Here everything is in the making. Nothing is made to order, and one's interest is caught at every point by signs of growth and change. It was a little startling for us to discover that we, two women walking the streets of Hopewell alone and with no obvious business there, were being watched by the police and by a special woman detective; but it simply meant that Hopewell suddenly decided after the fire to be decent, drove out all the vicious elements and intends now to keep them out. Saturday night, surely a good test of a community, found the streets full and noisy and sometimes quarrelsome, but with not a sign of vileness. Shooting and stabbing there were, as we found when we visited the hospital the next day, but Hopewell means to get at that too later on. There are only forty policemen in Hopewell instead of four hundred and seventy-five, and until very recently every man carried a gun sticking out of his pocket and, as a rule, settled his disputes for himself. Before the fire there was only the crudest sort of government—three trees connected by a rope answered for the court of justice; to throw a man in, take his money and let him go was often the punishment meted out for crimes not settled individually.

A vivid picture of Hopewell as it was a few months ago came to us from a talk with the doctor at the Emergency Hospital—a building which had once been a cabaret parlor. The doctor was a Saul Kane after the Everlasting Mercy found him; he had " found God " in prison, and he came to Hopewell firm in the belief that " God and he " could clean up the town, and, he added, " without a gun." He was a big southerner, with a shock of yellow hair. A cross hung at his neck, and the tree in front of his shack he had made to take the form of a cross. He told us how, before the fire, he had doctored, nursed and cooked for as many as seventy men a day. He had no regular stove, only bricks and a sheet of iron on top. The hospital was practically all out of doors, for it had neither doors nor windows. Black and white patients were together.

His story of what Hopewell had been before the fire was an ugly tale of primitive man: a time when free license took the place of democracy. He told us what men do when sudden prosperity and freedom from restraint come at the same time. The men of Hopewell were always right " underneath," he said, but they had cast loose from society and its laws. Every man was proud that he wasn't afraid to settle his own disputes with his own gun. That Sunday morning at the hospital there were three shooting cases which had been brought in the night before, but one year is not quite time enough to perfectly " clean up the town."

The big doctor's language was proof of the energetic religion he believed in and had practised. As he described how easily he could have smashed a man's body only he " could not see the good, as it would not save his soul," we looked at his great hands and thought how simple the task would be. Through all his talk, and the talk of the men on our ferryboat, and at the tables in the Greek restaurant, one got the impression of a community passing with almost incredible speed through all the stages of our muddling democracy until after only a year's

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time there are emerging at least the outlines of order and system. Before the ashes were cold in December, the rebuilding of Hopewell began. Many of the wild sins of young democracy died in that fire, and the wise men of the town saw in it the psychological moment for reorganization. Before the fire every man was out for himself; now a government for all by all is taking shape.

Men think and act in a big way in that new town; small sums of money do not interest them. We were surprised that even the colored people scorned a fee, and yet to get the better of your neighbor in a land deal did not seem out of place. The food in the restaurants is reasonable in price, and if anybody can be induced to give you lodging, the rooms are cheap. Everyone seems too busy trying to make big money to bother about a few cents' profit here and there. They make little of shooting, and one of the reasons for accidents in the plant is that there is a feeling among the workmen that it is showing cowardice to take too many precautions against fire and fumes. Everyone appears to be indifferent to discomforts and to have cast off the manners of established communities. They rejoice in activity and energy and the roughness that goes with it.

It will take Hopewell years to reach the degree of efficient city management that the duPont villages were endowed with at the outset, and after she has reached it she will have to spend a large part of her time and energy trying not to slip back. On the other hand, in the model villages there is a threat of danger. Nothing can overwhelm Hopewell with complete disaster, for her citizens hold their fate, whatever it is, largely in their own hands, and no matter what happens they can pick themselves up and try again. But suppose discord breaks out in Village A or Village B; suppose there should be a strike; all those prosperous families could be turned out on the hillside, the schools closed, the very streets barred, for all belongs to the company and there are well trained police to guard the properties. As long as wages are high and work is abundant all goes well, but some day the war will be over, and then it may be that Village A and Village B will turn to Hopewell for the strength and resourcefulness that come from fighting one's own battles and making one's own blunders.

MABEL HYDE KITTREDGE.

Functions of Army and Navy

IN a preceding article the author considered the advantages, from the standpoint of administrative efficiency and economy, which would follow from a consolidation of the Army and Navy Departments. Independently of this proposition, it is proposed to discuss in this article certain other changes in the present distribution of administrative functions, which are urgently needed if our military system is to be made what it should be.

The first of these needed changes is that the entire responsibility for the fortification and defense of our outlying possessions should be transferred from the War Department, where it now is vested, to the Navy Department; and that the marine corps should be enlarged sufficiently to enable it to assume the additional work that would thereby be thrown upon it.

The present arrangement is manifestly anomalous, uneconomical and inefficient. The problem of the defense of our detached territories, if not primarily a naval one, is certainly one requiring a large coöperation on the part of that service. Whatever the part played by land fortifications, it is certain that any general scheme of defense will involve the use of mine fields, torpedo stations, and probably torpedo boats, destroyers, submarines, sea planes and the like. To the extent that land fortifications are employed use must be made of vessels in the transport of troops, munitions and supplies of their current upkeep, and, during time of war, of armed vessels as convoys. Now in the navy we have an organization completely prepared for performing this work both in times of peace and times of war. In the marine corps the navy also has a force which if enlarged could easily take over the manning of the land fortifications. Should war threaten or break out the entire vessel resources of the nation would be under a unified instead of a divided direction. In solving the technical problem of the character of land fortifications and in their construction, use should of course be made of the services of the engineer corps of the army.

The effecting of this transfer would benefit both departments. The navy would be given a larger field for the training of officers and men in matters of navigation. Young officers could serve their apprenticeship in the operation of transport and other unarmed vessels before being placed in charge of vessels of war. Relieved of the care of our outlying possessions, in which are included the Panama Canal and possibly Alaska, the military forces of the country could be more largely concentrated in the United

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States, where they could engage in manoeuvers involving the participation of large bodies of men, and thus gain an experience in operations similar to those that they would have to undertake were they engaged in a war of any magnitude. Finally, a great economy could be secured by the consolidation of the army and navy posts which now exist side by side, as it were, in many of our insular dependencies.

Should this suggestion that the military defense of our insular dependencies be entrusted wholly to the Navy Department be adopted, the further question would be raised whether it would not be advisable that the manning and operation of all our coast defenses should, in like manner, be entrusted to that department. The work of maintaining and operating these defenses, though conducted in great part on land, approaches more nearly to the character of operations on war ships than it does to that of an army in the field. The officers and men employed have fixed stations; their work is primarily that of the care and operation of big guns; they do not take part in great movements; they have none of the problems of transportation and supply, which are so important where field operations are involved.

The surrender of this service on the part of the army, like the surrender of responsibility for the protection of our insular dependencies, would mean relief from a duty which now immobilizes to a large extent the forces at its disposal. The administrative problems also would be simplified and the army would be able to concentrate its attention more largely upon its primary function of maintaining a force capable of taking the field and conducting operations upon a large scale.

In line with these suggestions is the former one that the marine corps be converted into a body of men prepared to act at any moment as an expeditionary force. One of the lessons of the present war would seem to be the desirability of the possession by every country of a corps fully prepared to engage in a foreign expedition. The assembling, equipping, and transporting of a corps for work of this kind presents problems of organization and operation of quite a special character. The fact that such an expedition must, with rare exceptions, be transported by water, and must operate in close coöperation with the navy is the chief reason why such a body should be under the control of the Navy rather than of the War Department. The navy, moreover, with its outlying naval stations, possesses the points from which such an expedition could be launched and subsequently supported.

Adoption of this proposal is not dependent upon the adoption of either of the two proposals immediately preceding. It could be put into force even should the decision be reached not to transfer to the Navy Department the responsibility for the protection of our insular dependencies and our harbors and sea coasts. All these proposals, however, have this important feature in common. They look to conferring on the Navy Department primary responsibility in respect to the conduct of military operations in foreign lands and water and the protection of our shores from invasion; and on the War Department the primary function of organization and operation of armies proper in the field.

The foregoing proposals have concerned chiefly the fundamental problems of the manner in which the various operations involved in meeting the single function of national defense should be distributed among services under one or two departments. There remain many other features of organization which require drastic action if economy and full military efficiency are to be secured. Among the most important of these is the relieving of both the War and Navy Departments of the purely civil duties with which they are now burdened.

A survey of the activities of these departments shows that they now have the administration of the following services which are of a strictly non-military character. The War Department has charge of the great work of river and harbor improvements, the conduct of the Great Lake Survey, and the supervision of our insular dependencies. The Navy Department has under its jurisdiction the Hydrographic Office and the Naval Observatory. The writer had occasion, a few years ago, as a member of the President's Commission on Economy and Efficiency, to make a detailed study of all the activities of the federal government and the provision made for their performance. The result of this study was to convince him that a radical redistribution should be made of services among the several departments. This redistribution should mark out distinct fields of activities for the several departments and assign to each all the services falling within its respective field. The War and Navy Departments should be relieved of civil services and confined to their purely military and naval duties.

In the Coast and Geodetic Survey the government possesses an excellently organized service for the prosecution of marine surveys and the collection and publication of hydrographic data. There is absolutely no reason why the War and Navy Departments should each possess a service for conducting operations in the field. Not one argument can be adduced why the work of prosecuting the survey of the Great Lakes, the preparation of charts of their waters, or why the collection and publication of hydrographic data regarding them should not be entrusted to this civil service. The same is true in respect to the survey and hydrographic work done by the Hydrographic Office of the Navy Depart-

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ment. In the National Museum, with its subordinate services, the Smithsonian Institute, the Bureau of American Ethnology and the Astro-Physical observatory, the government has the nucleus of a Department of Science. No reason can be alleged why this organization should not be entrusted with the administration of the National Observatory. When our insular dependencies were under military administration there was justification for the establishment in the War Department of a Bureau of Insular Affairs to have general charge of matters affecting their government. Now that these islands are under a purely civil administration no reason remains for the continued maintenance of this bureau. The Interior Department has general supervision over the conduct of affairs in the territories, and to it should be entrusted a like supervision over affairs in the dependencies in so far as any supervision is required.

As long as the government had entered the field of public works to only a slight extent there was justification for entrusting work of this character to the engineer corps of the army. Now that the government is engaged upon public works of great magnitude and variety, the construction and operation of an inter-ocean canal, the building of railways in Alaska, the construction and maintenance of irrigation and reclamation projects upon a large scale, the promotion of the building of good roads, the time has come when provision should be made for a Department of Public Works to have charge of these allied activities.

This transfer of civil duties to civil departments, and the consolidation of services performing the same classes of work, are required in the interests of efficiency and economy. From the standpoint of the present study, the important point is that such a redistribution of duties would add greatly to the efficiency of the departments.

We have left to the last reference to one reform which is of the utmost importance and urgency; that is, the need for the abolition of army posts, navy yards and other stations which are no longer required by the two departments. It is not our intention to dilate upon the necessity for taking this step. It is generally agreed that many posts and stations are now being maintained that not only contribute nothing to the military preparedness of the country but constitute a serious obstacle in the way of such preparedness. It is not merely that the maintenance of these useless posts entails an enormous unnecessary expense, running into millions of dollars annually, but that they prevent that concentration of military forces which is essential for efficiency.

In the foregoing the writer fully realizes that he has been able to touch upon but few of the many questions that are presented in attempting to put the country upon a better basis for defense. The country feels that it is not now getting anything like an adequate return for the enormous expenditures it is making for military and naval purposes. It is satisfied with the efficiency of its military and naval officers and the bravery of its enlisted men as individuals. It is not satisfied, however, in respect to the character of the organization and the business methods that are employed for their enlistment, training and handling. We have pointed out that the matter of organization constitutes the foundation upon which the whole structure of national defense must rest. Such is its importance that the country might well rest content did the present Congress do nothing more than apply itself to the working out of a satisfactory solution of this fundamental problem.

WILLIAM F. WILLOUGHBY.

Catherine Herself

AFTER a hundred years of discreet suppression, the Russian government has at last broken the seals and published the memoirs of Catherine the Great. The official Russian edition was immediately followed by a German edition, which restored some nine or ten judicious cuts in the Russian version, passages in which the intrepid Catherine rather too frankly discloses the real eugenics of the Romanoff family.

The memoirs were the talk of literary Germany during the year before the war, and Bernard Shaw, who was staying in Hellerau that summer learning to dance, caught the fever also. He went home and presented his "Great Catherine" the same fall. But the public was scandalized and estranged by the levity with which the august Empress was handled. Besides, it seemed like carrying the joke altogether too far when the play implied, as it certainly did, that the Empress, who was no better than she should be, was after all not so funny as the British Ambassador, who was so much better than the circumstances required. In short, the play was sufficiently true to the realities to be highly unflattering to all concerned. In the meantime, it remains the first wave of the Catherine the Great revival to reach the English shore.

Like Marie Bashkirtseff, Catherine as a child was set on being famous. She records that she felt the first stirrings of ambition when she was seven years old. From this age on, she always expected to wear a crown, and the precocious little Mädchen undertook to make up for her lack of good looks by hard study and self-discipline. When at last the proposal of marriage came from St. Petersburg, her parents were half afraid to accept it. Warned

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by her mother of the dangers and irregularities of the Russian court, the fourteen-year-old candidate reminded her parents that the hazard was her own and declared that she had the courage to take it. And when the imperial suitor turned out to be an insignificant youth with few attractions, she accepted the disappointment with philosophy.

With astonishing perspicacity for her years, she saw that her future success depended on her thorough Russification. She adopted the Greek Church and applied herself to acquiring the Russian language with a conscientious accent. But the Grand Duke, poor lad, who was also German, was always pining for his native Holstein. It was one of the symptoms of his mental immaturity that his imagination could never spring over the Holstein borders. Catherine writes of him, "He had a passionate devotion to the corner of the earth in which he had been born." But she cast her lot with Russia, for better or worse, as she says in her epitaph:

> Catherine the Second,
> 21 April, 1729.
> Elizabeth,
> born in Stettin, 2 May
> She went to Russia in the year 1744 to marry Peter III. At the age of fourteen she made the threefold resolution, to please Elizabeth, her consort, and the nation.
> She left nothing undone to achieve success in this.
> Eighteen years full of tediousness and loneliness caused her to read many books.
> When she ascended the throne of Russia, she desired the good, and sought to give her subjects happiness, freedom and possessions.
> She forgave freely and hated no one.
> She was good-natured, sanguine, of a cheerful temperament, republican opinions, and a good heart.
> She had friends.
> Work came easy to her; her pleasures were society and the arts.

A trenchant document from Catherine's hand contains rules of etiquette, composed for a court of which one half, perhaps, could read and one third could write. "Be seated where you please and when you please without waiting to be asked a hundred times. Leave your hat and cloak at the door, and also presumption and pride. Let everyone be merry but not noisy; for therein is the truly cultured person recognizable, that though in a merry company he does not let himself go. Do not break or damage anything, for that offends housewifely feeling. Speak neither too much nor too loud, lest you hurt the ears of the others; but do not whisper either, least you strain the hearing of the others. Argue without heat or passion, and should a little anger be caused, then let it be forgotten before leavetaking, so that no grudge remains. Let the place of hospitality be neutral ground, not to be used for the spreading of evil thoughts, for cabal and intrigue. That should not be allowed."

Catherine managed the soldiers of the guard very much as Mother Jones manages "her boys" to-day. She had the same genius for evoking the collective mother-complex in masses of men. Like Mother Jones also, the Little Mother of the Russian court had a preference for masculine comrades. "From my fifteenth to my thirty-third year, it was literally impossible for me to associate with women. I was only allowed to have chamber-maids about me. If I wished to talk with someone, I had to go into another room in which there were only men. So habit is partly to blame, and partly my taste, which has been developed in this way, so that I really understand how to converse only with the latter."

Catherine's republicanism found little scope in her Russian environment. Nobody could conceive of law and order except as autocracy, or of government except as tyranny. The atmosphere of the empire naturally did not cease at the palace gates or at the threshold of the royal family. Catherine entered into domestic relations which were as autocratic as the most public institution. The sentiment of equality was simply unborn. Yet for many years Catherine held to the naïve expectation that when the proper time came she would share with her consort the honors and responsibilities of government. It was obvious that she was the abler of the two. But the feeble-minded Grand Duke knew that "every house must have a master," be it palace or tenement, and Catherine was finally driven to subscribe to the same belief. If Bluebeards there must be, she elected to play Bluebeard. She deposed and imprisoned the Emperor. He wrote her from his cell, whimpering for his mistress, "his one comfort," and praying to be sent with her back to Holstein. This was the "Little Mother's" ultimate destination for him, but "her boys," the guardsmen, knew of a shorter way and took it.

Catherine purposely chose her lovers from among her inferiors, reversing the usual practice. If the ambitious favorite began to show signs of wanting her to "make an honest man" of him, she dismissed him at once. Yet these unequal relationships, such as they were, were the only means by which the woman who might otherwise have ossified through sheer dominion and power was able to keep alive the human being within her. In a letter to Potekin, she frankly reviews her relations with his predecessors and gives us a glimpse of a morality which was at least free from the soul-destroying vices of hypocrisy and heartlessness.

"And now, Sir Hero, can I hope after this confession to receive forgiveness for my sins? You will deign to see that there were not fifteen, but only a third as many. The first, against my will, and the fourth, out of sheer desperation, certainly

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cannot be credited to lightness. Of the other three, only judge correctly. God is my witness, that I did not take them out of lightness, towards which I have no leaning. If fate had given me in my youth a husband whom I could have loved, I should have always been faithful to him. The trouble is that my heart would not live a single hour without love. They say that one should strive to cover over this human vice, as if it had no foundation in goodness of heart! . . . If you would bind me to yourself forever, then give me your friendship as well as love, and above all love and speak the truth."

KATHARINE ANTHONY.

The Sacred Cow

Attorney Hotchkiss: Now, a word as to the nits and vermin . . . . Would you say that that was a condition which, if developed by the State Board inspectors, should have been called to the attention of the authorities?

Dr. Smith: Why, as regards bedbugs and lice, and so on, they are general scavengers that are looking for filth to live on, and they are not harmful in themselves; in fact, they are sometimes useful in cleaning up a dirty child. They are harmful only in one respect, that they may convey contagious diseases.

Attorney Hotchkiss: In that way, you distinguish the difference between a bath and a bedbug in cleaning up a dirty child?

Dr. Smith: No; I think both are useful.

IN this brief narrative Dr. Smith, quoted above, is a minor character. As to the welfare of certain New York children, however, he is a major phenomenon. Dr. Smith, a pathetic old man uttering silly cruelties in defense of unclean things, is a symbol of a hideous public fear.

In the state of New York Dr. Smith is not a complete anomaly. It is true he holds a position of responsibility and trust. For twenty-three continuous years he has been a member of the State Board of Charities. He has not been paid for his services but because of them, from the age of seventy to the age of ninety-three, he has been perpetuated in office. It is the bitter fact that the qualities which his testimony illustrates fitted Dr. Smith to carry out the purposes to which the State Board of Charities has conformed.

Those purposes were not public purposes. It was no deep solicitude for dependent children in New York that perpetuated Dr. Smith in office. The purposes he served were those of a special privilege. Through obscene ignorance like his, and a perversion of public spirit which was equivalent, that special privilege has maintained an immunity—an immunity which it did not itself regard as pernicious, one for which it battled and connived, which it asserted and secured.

When there are wise, brave and impartial officials there can be no shirking of supervision for charitable institutions aided by the state. The American state is not conceived as medieval. Just as it assumes to educate all its children it assumes to care for its dependent neglected or delinquent children. Great numbers of these it consigns to private charitable and religious institutions, but it does not relinquish its responsibility. It provides by law for the supervision of the places to which it sends its wards. If the state is not satisfied with their care, if it can show cause for its dissatisfaction, it has an immediate practical recourse. It can withhold funds. Granted alert and disinterested authority, it would not be possible to evade the public will in this event. But there is such a thing as politics. The use of political pressure is not a mystery. Neither is the invocation of political fear. By summoning every resource in their power, by complicated manipulation of elected and appointed officials, officials paid and unpaid, the men who preside over private charitable institutions have in certain established instances measured their strength against the state. Utilizing to their own ends the ignorance, cowardice and disloyalty of officials, and fostering those qualities, they have availed themselves of state funds without proper supervision. The extent to which their institutions fall short of decency and humanity is a direct measure of the immunity they have been conceded, chiefly in deference to their power to injure men in public life.

How long the State Board of Charities in New York would have deferred to this power is an academic question. It gave few signs of confronting it. But New York is a governmental monstrosity. It has a child, New York City, with a will of its own. Since the Mitchel administration the city has had a new type of commissioner of public charities, John A. Kingsbury, and it was for him, seeking the proper care of the 23,000 dependent children in the city, to precipitate the forces that the State Board held in solution in its immunity bath.

When Mr. Mitchel was elected Mayor of New York City it was understood he was not a regular politician. The electorate chiefly knew him as a man who held and applied convictions as to economy and efficiency. These are not magnetic convictions. With the exception of the men who worked

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to elect him, New York was not excited about Mayor Mitchel. It approved of economy and efficiency. It sanctioned political milk-toast. But, outside those who foresaw lean years in politics, it was not passionate. It resigned itself to an aseptic administration.

New York did not guess the import of its choice. It saw Mr. Kingsbury made commissioner of public charities as "the best equipped man available." It did not realize what this shift in the public charities meant. Economy and efficiency seem to be cold convictions. They suggest bloodless reform, salvation by bookkeeping. But in appointing "the best equipped man available" to the department of charities Mayor Mitchel knew what he was doing. He was driving straight by economy and efficiency into the deepest realities of public life.

From the moment it became clear that Mr. Kingsbury was not amenable to those influences which had long warped the city and state connections with charitable institutions, it was evident that he would meet reprisal. And it soon appeared that this opposition was to be disclosed within official ranks as well as outside.

The secretary of the State Board of Charities, Mr. Hebberd, has since seen fit to resign. But he did not resign until a state commissioner was in process of investigating his board.

The reports of the State Board on private charitable institutions were the first quest of Mr. Kingsbury. From those records it was promptly evident that the Board was singularly easy to please. As a supervising body the State Board issues to aided institutions monthly "certificates of compliance" with its rules. There are over 600 institutions in the state, requiring about 7,500 certificates annually. In 1910 the State Board withheld its certificate eighteen times; in 1911, nine times; in 1912, thirteen times; in 1913, fifteen times. The "compliance" in this situation seemed to be principally exercised by the Board. The reports furnished to Mr. Kingsbury raised the whole issue of compliance. He determined to appoint an Advisory Committee to report conditions in those private charitable institutions which received public money.

The institutions inspected by this advisory committee number thirty-eight. They come under the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish denominations. In view of this fact Mr. Kingsbury appointed as experts on his committee Rev. Brother Barnabas, a Catholic, superintendent of an orphanage of the best type; Dr. R. R. Reeder, a Protestant, superintendent of a model cottage orphan asylum; and Dr. Ludwig B. Bernstein, head of a cottage institition of the best type. Another Catholic, Deputy Commissioner Doherty, was chairman of this committee.

Before the city investigation was well under way two signal events occurred. Mr. Doherty, the chairman of the committee, had himself been reared in a Catholic orphanage—"digged from the pit," as a famous pamphlet later put it. He had been aided in his career by a powerful Catholic layman, the late Mr. Mulry, a member of the State Board. When the advisory committee was announced Mr. Mulry sent for him and in company with Mr. Hebberd, the secretary of the State Board, urged that the investigation was a "mistake." Mr. Doherty could not see the mistake. As a consequence Mr. Doherty has been accused in a pamphlet sanctioned and distributed by the Catholic Church of striking an old and long tried friend, striking "the foster mother who cared for, sheltered and made him." "Had Mr. Doherty any sense of honor he would have declined to serve." For intimating that a new chapel in one of the controverted institutions absorbed more money than other duties should spare, it was indicated that he had a despised exemplar. "His name, well known by the way, is Judas Iscariot." The ostensible author of this pamphlet, one of three which were circulated after mass to the extent of 700,000 copies, was a Brooklyn priest, Father Farrell; but responsibility for them was claimed by the chancellor of the archdiocese, Monsignor Dunn.

The other event that marked the course of the advisory committee was the prompt withdrawal of Brother Barnabas. Within three months he was transferred from the head of his orphanage at Lincolndale to another capacity up-state.

In view of these tactics the reports of the advisory committee are significant. Twelve of the institutions were not "controverted." Half of these were Catholic. Of the remaining twenty-six, twelve Catholic and fourteen non-Catholic institutions were put on the controverted list.

There were no sensational cruelties in the institutions unfavorably reported, but the advisory committee found innumerable instances of malconceived and maladministered institutional life. There was hardly a condition which could impoverish, retard, warp, coarsen or humiliate the dependents that was not found in one or other of the so-called nurseries, asylums and homes. It was not merely that filth of the most disgusting kind existed, with bad food and improper clothing and neglect of medical care. The failures on the educational side were conspicuous. Vocational training turned out to be the most brutal kind of child labor in some cases. There was a general ignorance and stupidity as to recreation. There were practically no ideas or practices as to "after-care."

It is a curious commentary on this report that both Catholics and Protestants joined in assailing it. The Episcopal bishop of Long Island took seri-

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ous umbrage while " a nasty anti-Catholic animus " was detected on the other side. And the report was not completed without various attempts to discredit Mayor Mitchel and Commissioner Kingsbury. It was not till afterwards that Mr. Kingsbury was advertised in the Catholic pamphlets as a former hobo and jockey. But during the investigation the State Civil Service Commission was invoked in what was officially stigmatized as a " general attack " on the Mitchel administration. Through the New York County Grand Jury, moreover, there was an attempt that seemed to be promoted from the State Board to abolish the commissionership of charities and substitute a triumvirate to be designated by the very private institutions that come under review.

During the happy days of immunity the control of the distribution of city funds was largely in the hands of Dr. Daniel C. Potter, a Baptist clergyman who has long been without a congregation. When Dr. Potter was in office his conduct was investigated in 1910-11 by a committee of Messrs. Prendergast and Mitchel. It was charged that he had had improper financial dealings with the institutions. There was a voucher that suggested he had been helped out of financial straits by Catholic institutions to the tune of $5,000. Admitting that " misguided friends " had sought to help him, but denying that they had effected their purpose, Dr. Potter resigned. He resigned and, after an unhappy experience on the Ambulance Board, he became secretary of the Associates of Private Charities receiving money from the city, an organization with which Father Farrell is identified.

This is the Dr. Potter who appeared in the New York County Grand Jury foray, the Dr. Potter who went into consultation with Mr. Hebberd at the time Father Farrell wrote to Governor Whitman to block a state investigation, the Dr. Potter who made common cause with Mr. Hebberd after Mr. Hebberd's resignation and was at hand when the Farrell pamphlets were devised.

Commissioner Kingsbury's report to the Mayor was dynamic. " When we found on the certified lists of the State Board institutions in which the beds were alive with vermin, in which antiquated methods of punishment prevailed, and in which the children were given little else save religious instruction, we found it necessary to decline to commit children to these institutions and to discontinue to accept as reliable the official reports of the Board." The day after Governor Whitman received his copy of this report he appointed Charles H. Strong to investigate the State Board of Charities.

One of the incidents of this investigation, which has been completed but not yet made the subject of recommendation, was the tapping of telephone wires by the New York police. One of the needed witnesses was Dr. Potter. He could not be found. The police allege that Monsignor Dunn was overheard arranging to give him $100 so that he could decamp to Philadelphia. He did go to Philadelphia and he did avoid the witness stand during the days of stress. But Monsignor Dunn says there was nothing serious in his promise of " a hundred." He suspected his wire was being tapped, it was simply " a lure to bait the police."

Whether Monsignor Dunn is lying or not remains to be determined. The point here is rather the close association between men like Monsignor Dunn, Father Farrell, Mr. Hebberd and Dr. Potter in a crisis that involves the vicious immunity which Mr. Hebberd and Dr. Potter helped to preserve. It is the last desperate effort of a body that takes city money but refuses to submit to proper supervision, and moves heaven and earth, earth even to mud, to carry the day.

Were the private institutions enlightened in their management, there would still be no question as to the rights of the state. But in so far as they are stupid, dirty, ignorant, careless and lax, the rights of the state become a paramount duty. The crime of Mayor Mitchel and Mr. Kingsbury is that, in the teeth of malevolence and misconception, they have carried out this duty, not only as economy requires, but as modern conceptions of charity plainly demand.

It may be argued that many Catholics do not accept the modern conception of charity. Many still refuse to believe that " the history of civilization is the history of secularization," that " charity has become a business and a social duty, a thing of the head rather than of the heart, a coöperation in social uplift rather than a mere avenue to saintliness for the giving of alms." This is a question by itself. What New York discerns is not this conflict as to charity. It is instead the devious and vicious schemes by which Catholic officials have sought to frustrate the work of the state and for a long period succeeded, to the detriment of children who thereafter recruit unemployment, disease, and crime.

It is idle to talk of " priest baiting." It is idle to denounce Mayor Mitchel and Mr. Doherty as delinquent Catholics. The issue is civic, not religious. The Catholic Church cannot throw itself athwart humane treatment of dependent children. This is the issue that Mayor Mitchel has had the strength and resolution to fight in the open. It is idle to denounce him as prejudiced and wanton. He has simply followed out the principles on which he was elected. Whether a public official dare do this in America, against privileges which put themselves above inspection, is a matter that summons every decent impulse of enlightened citizens, whether they be Catholics or not.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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VERSE

Pittsburghers

[NOTE: The following verses are from an unpublished poem entitled "Pittsburgh," in which Lucretius, Dante and Goethe spend a day in Pittsburgh talking with the inhabitants and arriving at their own opinions of the city.]

A PITTSBURGH YOUTH

I am no butcher of cattle like Chicago;
Nor, like Chicago, London and New York, am I stevedore and broker;
Nor do I turn out, like Paris, new fashions and philosophies;
Nor waltz music, like Vienna;
Nor religions, like Boston—nor for that matter, O city of the Cod, school-teachers, either;
Nor beer, like St. Louis.

The effete flinch at my name,
And those who wear white shirts are disturbed.
For I speak in the wheeling cranes, in the hissing steam, the blast of furnaces.
Passive in my yards a thousand locomotives puff
And wait the heavy alternation of great rolls.
All about me, up and down five rivers, is grime, smoke, flame,
A workshop.

I mock at those who say
It's no use for me to go making iron and steel,
For steel rails and steel ships to marry races and make distant continents bride and groom;
For bridges to span rivers, and sky-scrapers to infringe upon infinity;
Because nothing is any use anyway,—not even my steel;
Because the age of steel has led to no more joy
Than the age of bronze.

It takes more brains to make steel
Than to doubt life;
And the deepest skepticism is no deeper than my assurance.
It's a fact, I'm burnt to the core by joy,
Fierce joy of the steel on which our age is built.

I gather my children about my knees: Homestead, Braddock, Swissvale, Rankin, Turtle Creek, McKees Rocks, Charleroi, Duquesne, Aliquippa, Woodlawn, Monessen.
And my blessing is upon my young men afar: Gary, Pueblo, Birmingham, Duluth, Bethlehem, Midvale.
I am without equal, and without superior.
I have heard the muttering of Leeds and Essen, of Birmingham, Newcastle, Sheffield, and Brussels; I have dared these cities to fight me.
But the mighty of the earth are timid, and forty years has my gage lain untouched.

Belching smoke, blot out the sun of day!
Liquid metal, light the clouds of night!
And at ten thousand forges let my multitudes
Work with a great gladness.

THE BIG BOSS

Every moment of every day, down at the works,
I'm talking, telephoning, telegraphing,
Bending over blue prints, noting reports,
Comparing my mills with others,
Swearing at department heads not on the job,
Keeping an eye on good men,
Scheming for more efficiency in man and machine
(Everything subordinate to that:
Waste must go—even the wasted gesture of a workman);
Resisting, persuading, complying, demanding,
Tempting, refusing, cajoling, finessing,
Resorting to threats, gifts, praise, buncombe;
Getting my way, or accepting some way that's more profitable,
Using every ounce of me and of my men
For constant, consistent, organized victory.

When the day is done,
Needing relaxation, dreading to let down a second,
I go at top speed to my club,
Have my Friday Fifty-Two,
Dine with Bill and Tom,
Loop it down-town,
Cross a river, hit a country road,
Let the big car out to the last notch.
Then I don't give a damn what breaks:
All I see before me while I rest at the wheel
Is white light on a dancing road,
Zigzagging trees and reeling fences.

HERO WORSHIPPER

Everything I do, I do to please one person.
When my boss puts his hand on my shoulder,
I feel as though he were knighting me—
It's romance, if you like, and that sort of junk,
But it's perfectly straight.
If he asked me to cut off my right hand,
I'd do it.

THE MASTER-MECHANIC

Pittsburgh is like the republic, Dick,
And the republic is like a blast furnace.
Into the hopper we're all thrown, native-born, stranger,
With political equality as the fluxing limestone to remove all foreign substance.
And down below fusion level
Roaring white-hot, comes by the tuyeres
Brotherly love as the reducing gas;
And as the centuries go
The most obstinate will yield to that all-conjuring heat,
And flow pure and molten out through the iron notch;
While the slag will be blown through the cinder-runner
And be carted away.

A YOUNG WOMAN

We talk of heaven and hell.
Both are here, here at this corner:
These street-cars, limousines, motor-buses, furniture vans, delivery trucks, Fords, refuse-wagons,
Are visible parts of heaven and hell.
So are all the signs along the street:
Zotter's Bakery, the Vienna Restaurant, Goodlow's Good Clothes,

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Red Raven Splits, Jap Rose Soap, the Gaiety Burlesquers,
Canter's Kosher Restaurant:
All, all are to me visible testimony of heaven and hell.

Do you see yonder hotel?
I looked down on all these signs,
Heaven'd with a boy on the nineteenth story.

These signs are in hell, too.
I spelled them out, not knowing what I did,
Day after day, as I walked to and from work
Remorseful and tormented.

A YOUNG MAN'S SONG

Streak of crimson through the gray,
Thread of flame from night to day,
Girl's face with the eyes of Christ,
I am sufficed, I am sufficed!

I care not how the mourning feel,—
The Unbelievable is real.
For holiness has come to me
That I might see, that I might see.

City spread out like a smear,
What can I now but hold you dear,
I'll make you better for her sake,
Although I break, although I break.

For now I know Whose secrets lurk
Within the hours of love and work;
I learned it from her eyes of Christ
And am sufficed, and am sufficed.

AN OLD INHABITANT

Pittsburgh has made a good many things—
It began by making lumber—
Then it made iron—
Then it dug coal and drilled oil—
At present it makes coke and steel—
But one thing it has always made—men—
Men of endurance, of courage,
Who see the thing to do and do it
Without wasting the days of life
In fruitless speculation, aimless drifting.

City of steel, this Pittsburgh?
Call it rather, maker of men.

We give work to hundreds of thousands,
And work is life's supreme benefit.
For a man wins to salvation by the sweat of his brow.
A city, a nation, that gives work,
Is sound, and cannot be destroyed.

THE CHIEF ENGINEER

One day the President of the road called me to his office.
He got up and locked the doors,
Then sat down at his desk and wrote me a check for millions.
"What's that for, Bill?" I asked.
"Jack," said he, "there's a town called Pittsburgh
That ships seventy-five million tons of freight a year;
There's likewise a road thinks it owns that town.
This is a free country,
And we're going into that town,
By God we are,
And get our share of freight.
That road will fight us to the finish.
I'll pile million on million, all I've got, to back you.
Bribe, steal, lie—I don't care what you do;
I don't care how far you go.
At any cost, in any way,
Smash this thing through."

Well? I went out and did the business.
Have a stogie?

HANIEL LONG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Why Rob Peter?

SIR: I have been from the beginning an admiring reader of THE NEW REPUBLIC, whether I disagreed or agreed, for whether you shot the way I believed you ought to or not, you always seemed to me to be on the firing line. But your latest position that because we have inevitably made a foe of Germany therefore we must as inevitably seek to make friends with England fills me with amazement. What we ought of course to do is through a just and firm insistence on our rights as neutrals to gain the respect if not the love and friendship of both belligerents, as long as we profess to be neutrals. When the time has come for us to throw in our lot with one side or the other, it ought to be done openly and courageously. A man and a nation makes more enemies by injustice than by justice. It is also possible to make friends by injustice; robbing Peter to pay Paul is a familiar way. You make an enemy of Peter forever, and a friend of Paul so long as you can help him by robbing Peter, and you have earned hatred and contempt on one side and complacent condescension and contempt on the other. The only constant is contempt. Friendship, personal and national, entered into from fear, can be maintained only by truckling. Though I am bound by ties of blood to both Germany and England, I would rather fight against both as an American, than truckle to either. Even from the point of view of national self-interest and the most cynical *realpolitik* I should be disposed to challenge your policy of an alliance on the part of America with the Powers who would crush Germany if they could, but who can't unless America helps them do it. I agree with you that a far-seeing foreign policy for America makes future isolation of the old-fashioned kind impossible. But a policy of alliance that if successful will force Germany into alliance with Russia and Japan is the most short-sighted possible, and fails to appear so at first sight only because our foreign vision has been hitherto myopic.

I should be the last to deny or minimize the debt we owe to England and the reality of the ties political, institutional, literary, racial, spiritual that bind us to her. The sentimental appeal of these ties has been transmuted by the realists of finance into quite other values. But tremendous as are the financial and commercial interests involved, it is still true, and it is to the credit of America, that the

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partisanship shown in this country both by sympathizers with the Allies and by sympathizers with Germany is overwhelmingly based on motives higher than self-interest. I admit that in international relationships sentiment must yield to interest where these conflict, but it seems to me especially characteristic of the sentimental champions of the Allied cause in this country that they have invariably interpreted the interests of America in terms of their own sentimental attachments. Where the sentimental attachments of the pro-Germans have made them forget the real interests of America, they have been industriously and perhaps not altogether unjustly prodded with the hyphen. But there are visible and invisible hyphens. And where the sentimental attachments of lovers of England and France have made them forgetful of the real interests of America, interests in which their fellow citizens of German descent have a very real stake, it is necessary to remind ourselves that the invisible hyphen may be even more dangerous than the visible. I admit that the future may require America to enter in some form into the European concert—to that extent I am with you and against the isolation doctrine—but foreign alliances must never involve foreign allegiances. The very fact that they are so construed means their danger. The trouble with your proposed British-American Entente at the present time is that you could never enlist the Irish, the German, the old-fashioned provincial native element in our population in favor of it—unless you proved that it was *not* an alliance in the interests of England. The moment you proved that, what would become of the British end of your alliance?

So do not let us say: We have unfortunately made an enemy of Germany, therefore we must unfortunately make a friend of England; but rather, let us make no enemies unjustly, and if we must make enemies let us make them with perfect impartiality—by insisting on the rights of America. A little of this impartial courageous Americanism would do more to unite the nation and prepare us to defend our rights as Americans, than miles of parades, tons of propaganda, oceans of oratory. In conclusion may I quote with reference to the doctrine that it is necessary in order to be American to be pro-British in this war, the words of a very good American, and a very great lover of England. In James Russell Lowell's essay on "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners" you will find the following sentence: "England has a conviction that whatever good there is in us is wholly English, when the truth is that we are worth nothing except so far as we have disinfected ourselves of Anglicism."

J. DUNCAN SPAETH.

Princeton, New Jersey.

The Beam in Our Eye

SIR: In "The Need of a Positive Policy" you say that the reason America did not adopt an embargo on arms as a protest against England's violation of the Declaration of London was "because American public opinion would not have sanctioned a course of action that made for German victory." In various other articles you imply that it is the moral judgment of many Americans as to the merits of the war that has in fact dictated our diplomatic policy, which, though legally neutral, is really favorable to the Allies. This assumption also lies at the basis of your contention that America should announce that she will give and withhold aid in future wars in accordance with a similar moral judgment on explicit issues. Surely so important an assumption deserves a closer examination than you have so far given it. If it should seem doubtful, it would be an insecure foundation on which to build so daring a foreign policy.

A realistic historian would say—as indeed the Germans do say—that we sell arms to the Allies rather than to the Central Powers for the simple reason that England controls the seas and that her credit is good. He would be likely to say also that while our moral judgment as to the guilt of the combatants may have arisen independently of our economic interests, the accidental coincidence of that judgment with those interests has served to strengthen and exploit the judgment. Every psychologist, every economist knows nowadays that it is not necessary to accuse a man of conscious hypocrisy in order to see that those moral attitudes which serve his ends are much more likely to be decisive to him than any others. No nation in pursuit of self-interest fails to discover moral justification for its actions. Is it safe to assume that America, alone among nations, would find a disinterested moral motive stronger than overwhelming economic interest?

Ask yourself what would have happened if England rather than Germany had committed an international crime like the invasion of Belgium at the beginning of this war. Suppose a really formidable movement for an embargo on contraband had as a result arisen. Picture to yourself the political and publicity fight which financial, manufacturing, mining and agricultural interests would have made against it. They would have said, and with truth, that the whole prosperity and financial stability of the country depended upon our right to adhere to technical neutrality. The invasion of Belgium would have been deplored, but it would not have been deplored with such vehemence. Is it not quite conceivable that they would have won? Has any nation ever sacrificed such a preponderant economic interest for the sake of active single-handed intervention in behalf of international justice? But suppose these interests did not win and that efforts to give positive economic assistance to Germany had brought us to the brink of war with the mistress of the seas, the empire whose greatest self-governing dependency stretches thousands of miles along our undefended northern border. Should we have pressed the point? It would take unbounded faith in our virtue to answer yes.

Are you not clouding the issue when you urge an immediate juncture with the Allies on the basis of a declaration of principle? Who can tell whether England herself, or one of her allies, may not be the next violator of principle? You cannot really believe that if such an eventuality should occur we should immediately withdraw our loans, our exports to England. It is plain that our interest lies on the side of the Powers which control the sea, and that we shall continue to help them tacitly, whatever they do. If we want them to accept our international program we should try to get them to do so. But it would be folly to avow as a nation an interest in their cause until they reciprocate by endorsing our program. Our official aid is the only asset we have with which to barter. Why should we give it away?

The same holds true of the proposed alliance with Great Britain after the war. The excellent reasons you have brought to support this alliance depend upon our obvious self-interest, and most of them will continue to exist regardless of England's behavior about arbitration, about offering Germany again the open door in her colonies, about respecting the neutrality of small nations. If these latter factors are really more likely to govern our action than our immediate self-interest, by all means let us stand out for them—

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remembering that they might bring us into conflict even with the British Empire. But let us not delude ourselves by thinking that we can ally ourselves with Great Britain with the one hand, and support those principles with the other, unless Great Britain also avows them.

It seems to me very likely that no nation will consistently give effective support to a better system of international morality until it sees that its preponderant advantage will in the long run be conserved thereby. And I cannot imagine such a condition existing unless all powerful nations were engaged at once in the attempt to construct the new society. For a single nation to announce that it will in the future distribute its aid solely according to principles on which other nations are not yet prepared to act would seem merely a noble but illusive gesture covering a vast amount of self-deceit, for when the time for action came, the nation might well go back on its word. Such an announcement would be worse than useless, for like all moral shams it would cloud the realities of the future with pious but ineffectual intentions.

Since there is at present no chance of real international coöperation in this matter, what could better serve our purpose in the present instance than a policy of delay based upon the old conception of legal neutrality? "Hypocritical neutrality" you call it, but evasion is a legitimate instrument of diplomacy, and wilful blindness has been used by the greatest statesmen. Let us not be too noble to play our game effectively, especially if the stakes are an ultimate contribution to a better international order—founded, as it must be, on the realities of national interest.

SCEPTICUS.

New York City.

[Note: Out of the large number of letters which have criticized recent articles on foreign policy published by THE NEW REPUBLIC, the foregoing have been selected as particularly worthy of comment and consideration. Both of these letters exhibit misunderstandings of the position assumed by THE NEW REPUBLIC—misunderstandings which under the circumstances seem to be unavoidable. The group of ideas upon American foreign policy which we have been placing before our readers is both novel and complicated. Their novelty invites misinterpretation. The subject matter with which they deal is so varied and intricate that it can be approached within the limits of short articles only under one aspect at a time; and in emphasizing one aspect others are necessarily either neglected or distorted.

Mr. J. Duncan Spaeth, for instance, criticizes THE NEW REPUBLIC for saying "that because we have inevitably made a foe of Germany therefore we must as inevitably seek to make friends with England." If Mr. Spaeth understood us to be urging an alliance with Great Britain merely because the United States had made an enemy of Germany and consequently needed protection, he has not taken the trouble to read the several articles which THE NEW REPUBLIC has published on this aspect of the matter. We have referred to the indubitable fact of German hostility to this country chiefly to bring home to American public opinion that in the eyes of one of the belligerents the United States had actually ceased to be neutral; that the manifest result of its policy during the war had been to promote the success of the Allies and open up a vista of German defeat. Such being the case it is mere prudence to recognize the extent to which the country is already entangled in the controversies of the war, and the great need of formulating a positive policy in order to meet the emergency. Some kind of understanding with Great Britain would necessarily be implied by the attempt to develop such a policy. From every point of view, as THE NEW REPUBLIC has frequently urged, the adjustment of American policy to Great Britain should be the first object of American statesmanship. But to infer from the contention, as Mr. Spaeth does, that we would favor an alliance with Great Britain in order to "crush" Germany, and that an alliance with Great Britain would be to adopt the rôle of a coward in order to obtain protection from the consequences of injustice is surely to over-work somewhat the privilege of misinterpretation. THE NEW REPUBLIC has frequently declared that the insistence by the Allies upon treating for peace only on bases which would compromise the future security of the German nation, would and should make an Anglo-American Entente impossible.

What THE NEW REPUBLIC has been urging is that the United States should temporarily throw in its lot with the Allies, not only openly and courageously but for the accomplishment of certain explicit objects of national and international policy. In a number of sentences Mr. Spaeth declares that as a consequence of insisting on neutral rights, and of making enemies of both belligerents with perfect indifference, we shall be somehow promoting justice and giving expression to an "impartial courageous Americanism" which would "unite the nation." But under the circumstances a policy merely of asserting neutral rights impartially is neither courageous, just nor practicable. Neutral rights and the wellbeing of inoffensive nations, which they are intended to protect, depend for their fulfillment upon the authority exercised by international law. Germany challenged that authority when her armies violated Belgian territory. She herself introduced into the war a controversy as to the very foundations of international order, about which neutral nations cannot and should not be neutral. As long as the belligerents are fighting even in part over such a controversy, neutral impartiality or indifference will not lead to justice and will not tend to make neutral rights more secure. In order to give them any security in the future, the authority of international law must be reënforced and in this reënforcement neutral nations must play an indispensable part.

The American government and American public opinion have acted on this appraisal of the situation, but they have acted on it furtively and hypocritically. They have applied coercion to Germany in order to get their rights respected; but they have not and will not apply coercion to the Allies in order to get their rights respected, partly because they do not want to help the violator of Belgium to remain on Belgian soil. They cannot be the accomplice, even after the event, of such a crime. THE NEW REPUBLIC has been urging that this furtive partiality coupled with hypocritical professions of neutrality be converted into frank policy, that the American nation cease to be neutral just in so far as neutrality means connivance with unprovoked international violence, but that its neutrality should be resumed and made effective just as soon as Germany announced herself willing to renounce the benefits of unjustified aggression and agreed to join with other Powers in seeking a sanction for international law and a legal framework for the essential boon of a larger measure of security for all nations. If Germany will not renounce the fruits of aggression, the United States should frankly assist the Allies on the express understanding that the assistance was being rendered in order to promote certain declared objects of international policy, and would be withdrawn either in case Germany accepted the conditions of the United States or

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it became apparent that the Allies were concealing a plain intention of promoting their own security by permanently damaging that of Germany.

The letter of "Scepticus" exhibits a better understanding of the position assumed by THE NEW REPUBLIC and of the intrinsic difficulties involved in the attempt to socialize the foreign policy of a semi-socialized democracy. "Scepticus" questions whether it is safe to assume that America would find a disinterested moral motive a more authoritative guide or an international commercial policy during war than an overwhelming economic interest. Would we not have traded as freely with Germany as with Great Britain, if Germany could have secured the delivery of the goods? To the question put in this way there is only one answer. The American nation could not be depended upon to trade only with a belligerent whose cause awakened and deserved moral approval. Before commercial power can be converted into a dependable weapon of international policy a practicable machinery must be invented to insure its effectual use. Some rule which distinguishes between a justifiable and unjustifiable war must be accepted, and some means of indemnification must be provided for those citizens whose business is damaged by the voluntary renunciation of trading privileges. THE NEW REPUBLIC has not claimed that the American nation was ready as yet to base its commercial policy during war on wholly disinterested motives. But it has claimed that American policy since the war began has been very much influenced by motives of this kind—that we have, for instance, forced Germany to obey international law so far as American rights were affected, without applying any similar coercion to Great Britain. If we proposed to be really neutral we should enforce American rights against neither group of belligerents or against both. The discrimination between the two cases is undoubtedly to be traced to the reluctance of American public opinion to contribute to a German victory or a French and English defeat.

"Scepticus" asks what would have happened if England rather than Germany had begun the war with an international crime such as the violation of Belgium. The question puts a hypothetical case which is irrelevant to actual facts. If previous to the war Great Britain had not only commanded the sea but had possessed an army large enough to undertake aggressive warfare on the European Continent, her power would have manifestly endangered the security of other nations. The combination of a large army with a preponderant navy has always been considered intolerable, and will continue to be so considered, unless there is some assurance that the combination will not be employed to promote an exclusive national policy. It was because Great Britain possessed only a small army that she was allowed to control the sea. It is because Germany possesses such a powerful army that she will not be allowed to control the sea. The old system of marine law was accepted by neutral trading nations because if sea power did not exercise control over commerce, it could not hold its own against land power. When a war took place between a great sea Power and a great land Power neutral trading nations always instinctively sided with the former, because they owe more to sea power and fear it less. What we need now is to organize some method of international control which will assume in the future—what has hitherto been left to chance—the beneficial use of sea power to promote desirable international purposes. In the meantime neutral trading nations cannot use the weapon of commercial non-intercourse against the Power which controls the seas, as the United States did early in the nineteenth century, without being ready and willing to go to war with the naval Power, as we were and did over one hundred years ago, and as we are not in 1916.

The other criticisms of "Scepticus" concern matters of tactics rather than of principle. He believes the United States should stick to a policy of legal neutrality until a better promise can be secured of genuine international coöperation in the future. By forfeiting our neutrality now, we risk our safety and our independence without any sufficient hope of success. The answer is that reasons for delay equally good will always exist. Of course the attempt may fail, but if it fails the American people will not be any more compromised than they are at present. They can retire as soon as they are assured that Great Britain will not coöperate or that American resources are being used in a manner injurious to international order. But if they take the risk, and try to make their influence count in favor of a settlement which will give some security to the foundations of international order, their intervention may well make the difference between a promising and an unpromising ending to the present war. Now is undoubtedly the time. The European nations are so utterly sick of bloodshed; they are disgusted with an international organization which provokes such hideous catastrophes, while at the same time the effective power of the two groups remains so evenly balanced that the intervention of a powerful outsider, ready and willing to use his influence in favor of a solution based on valid principles, would have a sufficient chance of success. Constructive political organization is brought about not by delaying until the obstacles are removed, but by energetic and wise leadership in the very midst of a difficult crisis. It was by such initiative under analogous conditions that Bismarck founded the German Empire and Hamilton and the other Federalists the American nation. The present situation offers precisely an opportunity for the same kind of constructive statesmanship in an international crisis that Hamilton, Cavour and Bismarck exhibited during the critical moments in the history of their several countries. The difference is that the United States is lacking both in the statesman and in the support which he would need from public opinion.—THE EDITORS.]

Making Money On the War

SIR: Without subjecting oneself to a just charge of fanaticism, is it possible to question the ethical standards of the men who are making money out of the war? There is no question as to the degradation of those individuals who instigate war in the interests of business. That is a type almost incredible in its satanic character. But not only are apologists found for men who are profiting directly and copiously from the sale of war supplies, but in this country there seems to be no audible criticism of them and the inference is that it is perfectly fair to sail light-heartedly in seas of opulence with the ill winds which are blowing much of the world to-day into the maelstrom of death and poverty.

That Europe looks upon us with some aversion on this account is no proof that Europe has higher ethical standards. Under reversed conditions Europe would do the same thing. Pots and kettles are we all, and all equally black commercially.

But there is some kind of subtle poison nevertheless which is surely secreted in the lifeblood of nations who fatten on the misfortunes of other nations, just as there is in the blood of individuals similarly engaged.

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Let a man stop and think about it as though before not only a just judge but a very inquisitive judge whose questions on this subject are sharp enough to pierce to the dividing asunder of the joints and marrow of the thing. Such a conscience a man who is living cleanly and thinking highly in these times must possess and nourish within him in the interest of his children and his children's children and for the honor of his citizenship in a land founded on noble ideals of human conduct and relationships.

In the book of Kings there is a story which illustrates the moral taint in this sort of thing, and from that story, which deals with the commercialism of a servant of Elisha the prophet, I quote three verses:

> But he went in and stood before his Master. And Elisha said unto him, "Whence comest thou Gehazi?" And he said "Thy Servant went no whither."
>
> And he said unto him—"Went not my heart with thee when the man turned from his chariot to meet thee? Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and olive yards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and menservants, and maidservants?
>
> The leprosy therefore of Naaman shall cleave unto thee and unto thy seed forever," And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow.

Let us by all means manufacture war supplies aud furnish them to those who are fighting our battle as well as their own in this case. But to grow rich at the expense of these defenders of our faith is not only a crass disloyalty but a malignant spiritual disease.

E. YEOMANS.

Chicago, Illinois.

[NOTE:. We sympathize with the feeling of our correspondent that it is at the least distasteful to grow rich from the misfortunes of other nations. We also agree with him that it would not be a remedy to declare an embargo on supplies going to those Powers with whose cause the majority opinion of the United States sides. We believe that, under the circumstances, the obligation of the United States could best be discharged by official declaration of support for the cause of international morality, as previously outlined in "An Appeal to the President" and elsewhere.—THE EDITORS.]

Germans in America

SIR: It is interesting to note that in reply to your request to state the position of those German-Americans whose loyalty to their adopted country is unquestioned, Professor Kuno Francke replied that he conceived it to be their paramount duty to do everything in their power "to prevent the United States from being engulfed in the European catastrophe." This is a laudable sentiment, or would be if one could know what it means. Whether or not the United States is eventually engulfed in the European catastrophe depends upon what is its attitude toward the Power that has precipitated that catastrophe. The United States could, if so inclined, terminate the catastrophe, and thus prevent further engulfing of any nation. But it is fair, I suppose, to assume that Professor Francke meant that the United States should be kept out of the war, or out of making any move that might eventually lead to war. To that extent he pleaded the cause of his fatherland, and suggested to his German brothers in this country that by working to keep the United States from further resenting the German attitude toward it, they could best serve their fatherland.

The letter is, however, chiefly remarkable for its confident definition of the status into which we have forced the Germans in this country. The Germans in this country, he says, "have been given to understand that this is the time to manifest unequivocally their loyalty to the government of the United States. They are to disavow in a body the sinister machinations of German spies, strike agents, and dynamiters. They are to condemn collectively the methods of German submarine warfare and thereby exert a wholesome pressure upon the militarist party in Germany. They are to proclaim *en masse* their unconditional adherence to the principles laid down in President Wilson's recent message to Congress."

This series of requirements of our German citizens is credited by Professor Francke to the pro-Allies press, but it is evident that he thinks the demands are indorsed by the American people, and he goes on to combat them, not only earnestly but heatedly. As a matter of fact there is no general sentiment in this country which justifies the demands said to have been made upon the naturalized Germans among us. There is a strong public sentiment against those Germans, naturalized or not, who have been trying to make trouble for us. In his letter Professor Francke betrays the German bent of mind. He assumes that we are hostile to the Germans in this country because we are not ready to fight the cause of Germany. From the beginning of the war the Germans in this country have assumed toward citizens who differ with them a bellicose attitude. They have been intolerant, and intent upon driving peaceful citizens into an attitude of hostility toward them. It seems to them that Americans must be foes if they are not willing to fight as friends. So far as one man's observation goes, it appears that there are no German-Americans in the United States who are content that this country shall remain neutral, or that any sort of aid or comfort shall be given to the Allies. I have found all people of German extraction to be vigorous German patriots; and I have not found the heart to condemn them for it. Few of them came here for the sake of joining us in our great experiment in liberty. They came to better their condition, and to bring to us the German kultur; to spread through our land the German ideas of government and industrial life. Their spirit is the spirit of the missionary. However readily they become citizens of the United States they never become imbued with the spirit of America. Every German I know is a severe critic of this country, was before the war, and remains so now. They tolerate America. That is the best that can be said of them; and as I said above I cannot find it in my heart to condemn them for remaining Germans, believing as they do in the excellence of that country. I, if I were now in Germany, and had been there years and grown rich there, would still shrink from knowing the United States was being beaten to the ground by any combination of nations.

It is folly for us to expect more than formal loyalty to the United States from men of German birth, no matter what may happen. That we are entitled to expect that, and that even that has been withheld by many German-Americans, is all the rightful basis for complaint we have against the German-Americans. We expect from them formal but sincere respect for our laws. We must leave them in full possession of their hearts, and never complain if they weep and pray for their fatherland in its present desperate extremity. They must respect the hosts at whose plentiful board they have been eating—no more.

GEORGE FRENCH.

Glen Ridge, New Jersey.

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Nonsense About Women

Runes of Women, by Fiona MacLeod, Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher. $1.50.

IN the midst of the humbug and unascertained assertion on the subject of women, no nonsense has ever seemed more persistent or been received with more awe than all the rubbish concerning the Mystery about Women.

Why are women any more mysterious than children or men or eagles or tigers, or any other manifestation of life? The real mystery of existence is true enough of course, for everyone. But people who have a taste for exploring truth are always inclined to a sceptic impatience with those who create a special mystery where none exists. Such is the impatience crude, realistic minds are apt to experience in considering the vast literary importance of the William Sharp-Fiona MacLeod problem—an impatience enhanced by the recent appearance in the holiday season of a vellum-bound, limited edition of Fiona MacLeod's "Runes of Women."

It is a work intended to intensify the Druidic superstition of mystery about women, mystically expressed by a mysterious nature.

Briefly and impressionistically presented, the Fiona MacLeod-William Sharp problem is somewhat as follows: At the age of about thirty-eight William Sharp, the Scotch critic, wrote a Celtic romance entitled "Pharais," which he decided to issue under the name of Fiona MacLeod. In a letter to Mrs. Thomas Janvier, of New York, who was in the secret of the pseudonym and asked on reading the romance why Mr. Sharp chose to publish it under a name other than his own, he replied:

"I can write out of my heart in a way I could not do as William Sharp, and indeed I could not do so if I were the woman Fiona MacLeod is supposed to be, unless veiled in scrupulous anonymity. . . .

"My truest self, the self who is below all other selves, and my most intimate life and joys and sufferings, thoughts, emotions and dreams, *must* find expression, yet I cannot save in this hidden way."

All this is very clear and sympathetic. But it should be pointed out that a complete imaginative identification with a fictive presence is not so unusual an experience as the believers in the extreme mysteriousness of the Fiona MacLeod-William Sharp phenomenon would have us suppose. From Euripides' Medea to Thomas Hardy's Tess, you may find too many instances to recount of an author's complete identification with the imagined life of a woman.

However, as I understand, the believers in the literary importance of the Fiona MacLeod-William Sharp mystery are impressed less by Mr. Sharp's ability to write creatively in an imaginative identification with the nature of another creature—a faculty perfectly comprehensible to every genuine fiction-lover—than by a rather different assumption which no one can exactly comprehend. That is the assumption that something happened spiritually to Mr. Sharp, in the nature of the physical adventure of Hash Bash Ben, the Hebrew Bus-driver in the Bab Ballad.

Just as for the Hebrew driver when he desired at heart to alter his nature:

> "The organ which in man
> Between the eyebrows grows,
> Fell from his face, and in its place
> He found a Christian nose.
> His tangled Hebrew beard
> Which to his waist came down
> Was now a pair of whiskers fair
> His name, Adolphus Brown—"

Just as this metamorphosis of dual personality occurred for Hash Bash Ben, so from somewhat the same promptings, Mr. Sharp changed from a Scotch reviewer to a Gaelic bard, or rather to an Ionian poetess—changed throughout—not exactly physically, but with the attendance of startling physical phenomena. This at least is the assumption which is the great problem to those to whom it is justifiably so very problematic. Mrs. Sharp tells us that she has been near her husband "when he has been in trance and I have felt the whole room shake with heightened vibration."

As Miss MacLeod, then, Mr. Sharp wrote for many years much charming prose, and some accomplished poetry, part of it beautiful, part of it tiresome—the best-known expression of this poetry being included in the "Runes of Women." In this last performance lies in my own view the oddest and most unflattering and depressing feature of his career. As a man the most companionable of authors, when writing as a woman in the "Runes" he assumed some of the least agreeable characteristics of our sex. It is as though he said, "Now I will write as a woman, and give myself up to a state of mind devoid of reason."

For instance, writing as William Sharp, from Venice, he says delightfully, "Summer is everywhere here. On the Lido there were hundreds of butterflies, lizards, bees, birds and some heavenly larks—a perfect glow and tumult of life—and I shivered with happiness. The cool, fresh, joyous wind blew upon the waves white with foam and gay with the bronze-sailed fisher boats—the long waving grass was sweet-scented and delicious—the acacias were in blossoms of white—life—dear, wonderful, changeful, passionate, joyous life everywhere! I shall never forget this day—never, never." And he describes with humorous appreciation a call of his on Ouida surrounded by her beloved dogs and her truly terrible original paintings.

But, as a woman writing the "Runes of Women," he conceives of the universe not as phenomenon to understand or to enjoy, but a place for moaning and clinging and yearning and accusing—

> "We who love are those who suffer,
> We who suffer most are those who most do love.
> O the heartbreak come of longing love,
> O the heartbreak come of love deferred,
> O the heartbreak come of love grown listless.
> Far upon the lonely hills I have heard the crying,
> The lamentable crying of the ewes,"—

and on, and on, and on with the crying and the wailing of women, wailing for those who have loved, and for those who have not loved, for those who have children and for those who have not children, wailing for passion, wailing for age, moaning for everything in a woman's experience. This, too, with an air of putting everyone around in the wrong by a tone of strong, self-righteous resistance to reason. As though Fiona MacLeod said, "There! Now! Do not think you will ever get to the bottom of what is the matter with me. The more mysteriously I mourn, the more impressive I shall become!"

A great deal of speculation has been expended lately on the consideration of how women would act if they had to be men, and to go to war, etc. It is odd and rather staggering in the light of Mr. Sharp's type of consciousness at the times when he became Miss Fiona MacLeod, to consider how men might behave if they became women.

It would be a dismal circumstance if, just as women were setting out hopefully on the path of scientific inquiry, and

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exploration, and a belief that an ounce of Minimum Wage founded on ascertained fact is worth a pound of Runes—men were to start back along the road to the ideal expressed by the customs of the heroine of "The Scottish Chiefs," and the achievement of one's ends by means of fainting and of "bursting into tears."

It should be added that William Sharp and Fiona MacLeod were or was a strong believer or believers in more freedom, more self-reliance for women. That is why one especially regrets his, her or their awe before Runic seizures. For these mysterious Runic seizures, while they may be pitiable and may be unavoidable, may be cured or may be endured, certainly should no more be regarded as manifestations of wisdom than the performances of Sir Anthony Absolute: and no more be prized than fits of cursing.

Curses, of course, are revered and very much feared by such persons as believe in the efficacy of Voodoo and the Black Magic, and are careful to propitiate fate in certain games of chance by saying, "Come Seven. Come Eleven." These persons have, however, not been regarded as wise leaders of thought for woman or for anyone else. Some of the basest and most needless cruelties to woman have been caused by superstitious terrors concerning her natural faculties—the superstitious terror that caused the burning of women as witches—the superstitious terror prevalent among many foreign immigrants lest the Lord of all Mercy regard mercy as a kind of impiety against him, and take some mysterious vengeance on the race if the sufferings of women in becoming mothers are alleviated.

A truce to Runic beliefs about Woman. Her future, like that of the rest of the race, will not be bettered by any manufactured mystifications about her, but only by a clearer understanding of the realities of human natural history on earth.

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The Long and Short View

Day by Day with the Russian Army, 1914-1915, by Bernard Pares. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50. Victory in Defeat, the Agony of Warsaw and the Russian Retreat, by Stanley Washburn, Special Correspondent of the London "Times." New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.00.

JUST to touch the edge of the great Russian adventure in this war makes the dumb eloquent. Even perfunctory writers cannot describe the Czar's army without communicating something of the thrill and impact of that mighty swinging line from the Carpathians to the Baltic. Cast in the form of diary notes and retaining the tedium and careless narrative homeliness of the conventional diary, it would be difficult to find a match for Bernard Pares's book in colorless and jejune style. Yet in spite of its mechanical quality, its merciless aridity, unforgettable pictures do emerge. Mere chronicling seems style enough—a drab coat, through which the vividness of actual life often cuts and flashes like a sword. Mr. Pares was the "Official British Observer with the Russian Armies in the Field," and he went everywhere. He was connected with the Red Cross and saw the anguish of men who knew how, patiently and uncomplainingly, to die. He spoke the language and understood the peasant soldier; many days were spent in the front-line trenches. In fact, there was little of the characteristic life of the first victorious and then defeated and retreating armies which did not at one time or another come under his observation. He has jotted everything down in his big, nearly three hundred-page book, accurately, in an idiom of conscientious commonplace. But out of it spring a few gleaming moments, one or two fine dramas of heroism and gentleness and pain.

Is it easy to forget this? "May 1.—Waiting at the railroad station, I met a young officer who was taking home the body of his brother. The young man met his death leading a night attack. . . . Some fought their way through, but their leader was mortally wounded. The brother was serving in the neighboring artillery and was able to be with the dying man to the last. He said that his brother might easily have surrendered with others, but it would always be a satisfaction that he did not 'hold up his hands and go into Austria.'"

In Galicia there was an astonishing feeling of camaraderie between the hostile trenches. "One of the most curious things in war is the tacit convention that develops itself illogically out of a set of circumstances entirely novel. In open day to show oneself here is ordinarily to be killed, yet at certain hours, fixed rather by instinct than by reason, there is an unspoken truce of which both sides take advantage. Photographs could be taken. . . ." A regular correspondence was maintained between the Russian and Austrian air-men, letters usually being signed on the Austrian side, 'Your ever devoted enemy.' The Russian flyers, the day before Easter, dropped presents—large boxes of Russian cigarettes—on their foes' aerdome, and on Easter Sunday "an enormous Easter egg, with the inscription in Russian 'Christ is risen,' was dropped from an aeroplane and, having a parachute attached to it, fell slowly on the Austrian lines."

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From "Day by Day with the Russian Army" one gets many instances of this strange, bitter-sweet friendliness. By a succession of small episodes rather than by any direct dogmatic statement one also gets a vivid conviction of the thin-heartedness of the Austrian Slavs, of their eagerness for the war's end, of their fear of the Germans who would descend upon them periodically from the North in order, as our baseball critics would say, "to put pep into them." (Mr. Washburn confirms this idea in his book, too.) With no conscious literary artifice Mr. Pares does bit by bit sketch a sharp, clear picture of the average Russian soldier: he is simple, almost childlike, romantically courageous, over-lenient with spies, harboring no malice or rancor even when desperately wounded. The peasant soldier feels the war more as a kind of religious pilgrimage than as a part of the great game of political expediency. Again and again, after the retreat begins, it is the same tragic story of overwhelming masses of steel and fire pounding the first line into annihilation—followed by what seems almost like a Quixotic counter-attack of the second line. The tide is stemmed; then the heavy German artillery is moved up and concentrated on a new line, and the line of the Russians is burned and crushed at some fresh point. It is silly to talk of individual courage. "Give these fellows anything like an equal artillery," you catch yourself saying, "and the Germans would be now suing for peace with the Russians at the gates of Vienna and Posen."

It is the little human intimacies that keep you reading Mr. Pares's book. For "Day by Day with the Russian Armies" is local, provincial, episodic, rather superficial. There is no grasp of the war as a whole. Literally, Mr. Pares makes no attempt to see beyond the end of his nose. He is not really fair. Always the enemy is spiritually disheartened; there is but a perfunctory mention of the harsh treatment of the Jews. He says not a word concerning the debilitating corruption which at that time permeated so much of the higher Russian command. One would never suspect from his book that there was a strong pro-German party in Petrograd. Perhaps, as the official British observer, he preferred to keep these things to himself, although his failure to mention them seems to come rather from certain critical and imaginative defects of temperament. With his opportunities for observation, what a book he might have written!

Now "Victory in Defeat," without any of the gossipy intimacies of Mr. Pares's book, does give more of a coherent and large-scale notion of what the Russian campaigns were like, in about one-fourth as many words. It is conceptual, diagrammatic, massive, with pictures of mobile forces, bending and adjusting themselves to stresses and strains. There is a good deal of first-rate strategic analysis in Mr. Washburn's little book. The author didn't see one-tenth as much of actual fighting as did Mr. Pares. Most of the time he was safely in the rear of the first line. Yet he visualizes the condition of the entire line, with fine journalistic intuition catches the spirit of the retreating army. He explains the reasons for the retreat. It is worth quoting:

"The sector chosen for the attack was that lying from Tarnov toward Galicia. The Russian observers quickly detected during the last days of April the hitherto unheard of concentration of guns which they estimated to be 2,000 in number on a front of forty miles. . . . In two hours the enemy batteries fired . . . 700,000 shells ranging from the field shrapnel up to the 12-inch high explosives. The Russians were not routed, as the Germans assert, at all. They simply remained and died. . . . When the fragments of the three centre corps which had numbered 120,000 at the beginning were finally pulled together on the San . . . the total strength that rallied round the colors did not exceed 12,000. The result of this terrific fusillade, in plain language, was to leave a gap in the Russian line forty miles across, and through this the Germans and Austrians poured like a leak in the dyke."

Mr. Washburn gives us a fine description of the almost melodramatic escape of the Tenth Russian army on the retreat from Warsaw, an escape which he says was due to the leadership of Alexieff, Chief of Staff, the quiet Napoleon of inferior resources. He has no doubt of Russia's ultimate victory, although he recognizes the influence of German intrigue. "I was told on fairly good authority," Mr. Washburn writes casually, "that the man who actually laid out one of the most important forts on the Russian frontier, opposite East Prussia, has in this war been an officer on the staff of von Hindenburg." He is commendably fair, and when he says the treatment of the Jews by the Russians has not warranted any statement of widespread cruelty he commands respect. Nor are "human interest" stories lacking—after all, Mr. Washburn was correspondent for the London *Times* and he never forgot that he was first of all a newspaper man. In fact, "Victory in Defeat" is excellent journalism, lacking in literary suppleness and imaginative glow, but lucid and unprejudiced, with the real human insight. Perhaps Mr. Pares lived too close to the fighting to keep his perspective. Perhaps Mr. Washburn had a sort of strategic advantage. At any rate, these two books give us a criterion for the great book—if it ever comes—on the Russian campaign. It will have the background of intimate detail of "Day by Day" and the conceptual power of "Victory in Defeat"; but these qualities will be fused in a style of distinction and vivid beauty.

Another Russian

The Signal, and Other Stories, by W. M. Garshin, translated from the Russian by Captain Rowland Smith. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.35.

GARSHIN isn't really a new Russian—it is the strong wind that has been blowing from Petrograd towards London this past year that has suddenly brought him to our attention. He was big enough to merit endless and less partisan recognition. But Captain Smith must have had some curious inhibitions while translating this volume: it contains what is probably the most poignant indictment of war ever written, with the exception of "Sevastopol" and "War and Peace." The influence of this latter work of Tolstoi's, which began to appear in 1870 was, according to Prince Kropotkin, so profoundly felt in his country that during the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-8 not a single journalist reported events in the old Nationalist and bravo spirit—the spirit of "peppering the enemy like rabbits," or, "mowing them down like nine pins." This war, in which he served, made Garshin a writer at the age of twenty-three. His first and most famous story, "Four Days," is an account of the mental and physical sufferings of a badly wounded recruit, who, coming to consciousness on the deserted battlefield, finds himself lying beside the putrefying body of a giant Turk whom he had himself killed in his first charge. The realistic simplicity, the stark truthfulness, which Garshin shares with all the great Russian writers, pierces like a sort of light through the mediocre translation:

"He lies there dead and blood-stained . . . he

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hears nothing, feels nothing, no painful wounds, no awful sickness, no thirst—the bayonet went straight to his heart. There is a big black hole in his uniform, with blood around it. *I did that!*

"I did not want to do it. I wished no one harm when I volunteered. It somehow never entered my head that I should have to kill people. I only thought of how I would expose my own breast to the bullets. I came . . . and now . . . fool! fool!

"And this unhappy fellah—he is even less to blame than I. First of all they packed him with others like herrings in a barrel and brought him to Constantinople. He had never heard of Russia or Bulgaria. . . .

"I cannot help thinking of him. Surely it was not only that he should cease to live that I gave up all—that I have starved, have been frozen by the cold, tormented by the heat, and finally am lying here in this agony? Have I done anything of use to my country except this murder?

"Murder! Murdered?—who? I!

". . .The sun has risen. His huge disc, crimson as blood, is intersected with the black branches of the bushes. It looks as if it will be hot to-day. My neighbor! what will you look like after this day is over? Even now you are awful. Yes, he is awful. His hair has commenced to fall out. His skin, originally black, has become a grayish yellow. His swollen face has become so tightly stretched that the skin has burst behind one ear. . . ."

Such writing takes us far indeed from the patriotic idealism that prevails to-day in Western Europe. Garshin seems to have enlisted out of a sort of humanitarian fatalism, a desire to share the sufferings of the Russian people. "The Coward," the story of an intellectual who loathed war, is obviously as near to being an unvarnished personal record as any literary effort can be. Russian writers know nothing of the Anglo-Saxon fondness for euphemistic self-portraiture; they are baldly, not to say morbidly honest, and always let one know their inherent difficulty in reconciling feeling and reason. Garshin is convinced of the uselessness of heroism—of adding another to "the mountain of corpses serving as a pedestal for grandiose matters which will be inscribed on the pages of history." Yet he too can analyze and be filled with "the unknown mysterious force" which draws masses of men forward to battle.

His sharply visualized pictures of war have been compared to the canvases of the painter Vereschagin, whose creative impulse has its source in the same war, and then learned like Garshin to be a crusading anti-militarist. Garshin's pages are indeed concrete and material: all the senses contribute to them—but very delicately, with instinctive choice of the really significant. There is no piling on of horrors such as one gets in Andreyev's "The Red Laugh," though this story probably derives from "Four Days" as the latter does from "Sevastopol." Garshin seems to me nearer the older than the younger Russian literary school; he shrinks from brutality, and ugliness, and pain even as he describes them; he has the exquisitely responsive nerves, the desperately humane feelings, and finally the keen aesthetic sense we learned to know in Tolstoi, Turgenev, and Dostoevsky. "The Reminiscences of Private Ivanhoff," with its thoroughly objective yet startlingly evocative details of the life and psychology of an army on the march remind one especially of Turgenev. This story has a number of subtle military portraits, notably that of a Lieutenant who is constantly carried away

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by violence toward his men—so much so that they plan to shoot him in battle—and yet cherishes them so deeply that after the loss of half of his company he is found sobbing on the floor of his tent, and repeating, "Fifty-two, Fifty-two."

To militarists Garshin would appear less than a pacifist: a neurasthenic, a hypochondriac, a man with a sick will. He was in fact mad at several periods in his life—which is again according to literary tradition—and died at thirty-three after throwing himself down a flight of stone stairs. He wrote only some twenty stories altogether, seventeen of which are collected here. If I have emphasized the five that deal with war, it is because they stand out peculiarly this year. But there are two stories of insanity, "A Night," and "The Scarlet Blossom," the first recording the progressive stages in the mental struggle of a man who is about to commit suicide; the second, the strangely beautiful obsession of another who is confined in an asylum, which are quite as unforgettable as "Four Days." A more gentle irony and pessimism find expression in half a dozen allegorical sketches, chiefly drawn from the natural world. The successful human types in Garshin's stories are always hard and unscrupulous, like the engineer in "The Meeting"; his heroes are the humble and resigned like the old soldier in "The Signal," or irresolute idealists, like the artist and the hunchback in "Nadejda Nicolaievna."

"Nadejda Nicolaievna" suggests the novel Garshin might have written had he lived. It is a profound loss to literature that he should not have tried his gifts further, for they are finer and more revealing in promise than those of his successors—Artzibasheff, for instance. His lucidity, his tenderness, his feeling for beauty, his shining candor—if I may call it that—of mind and soul endear him so much that the grim shadow that haunts him neither dismays nor revolts us. But he never really escaped from himself into the great, impersonal world. How far he realized the dangers of introspection one may gather from the despairing cry of the hero of "A Night," who longs to tear from his heart "this horrid little deformed god with its protuberent paunch, this repulsive ego which like some canker worm sucks dry the soul, and ceaselessly demands of it fresh food. But out of where shall I tear it?" he exclaims. "Thou hast already devoured all" . . . Before that time came, even as he saw it coming, Garshin was passionately forcing his mind to understand and analyze, and his pen to set down with fidelity. That is why he is so real and moving, at least to those who are far enough from Anglo-Saxondom to admit that to think, rather than to act, is to be.

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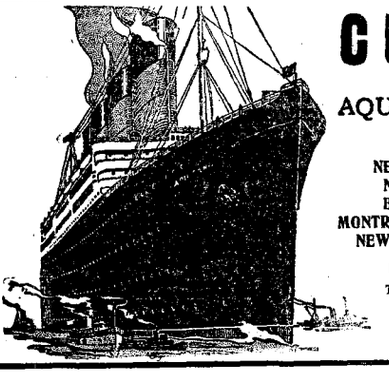

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